



The Author.

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I THAT'S ME

Escape from German Prison Camp
and other Adventures

by

LIEUT. COL. P. ANDERSON, D.S.O.

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This is more a Story of Adventure,
Experiences and Observations than
a War Story

May 25, 1973

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INTRODUCTION

This book ought not to have been published; that is what some of the readers will say, and therefore for those who read no further I put their verdict here. Perhaps they are right, because no one likes to give themselves away.

Its sheer history is its excuse, its downright, honesty is its justification, its startling personality is its appeal. If there is any merit in any human document, there is merit here.

A young man, of the nineteenth century, leaves his home for a foreign land, he learns a new language he copes with pioneer conditions, he wins out, he builds, he gives others employment, he makes the new land his own, a new people his people, their destiny his destiny.

The World War breaks out, he leaves all he has built up through strenuous years, in the front line he fights for his new home, his new people, his new love. Captured with honor, still his indomitable spirit burns undimmed and the story of his journey through enemy country, through the land of his birth and on to the land of his adoption once more, ranks as an almost unbelievable epic. The Cool brain that wins through all difficulties is yet keen to bring back all information that can possibly be of value to the land of his adoption. No wonder. Col. Pete Anderson bears the ribbons of a warrior.

The world war ends, the great disallusion begins. Money, position, and even some friends have all gone the way of the years that the caterpillar has eaten, is it any wonder if the stout heart grieves as it beats for the present and throbs for the future?

As I was privileged to read over the manuscript I felt that I was reading a story of the days of early Britain when the Danes came down in their strength and stayed to fight for their adopted country.

Long will Canada endure if she can attract such sons to her soil and mingle their blood in her future Race.

Rev. G. G. Reynolds, Edmonton, Alta.
(Formerly Capt. of P.P.C.L.I.)

TO MY COMRADES IN ARMS WHO SLEEP IN
FOREIGN SOIL, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED—
“LEST WE FORGET”.

FOREWARD

"I"—that's me, has been chosen for the title of this book. It seems to fit the situation, as I am writing it myself, in my own way; there are no big words or high flown language employed, for which, however, I do not offer any apology.

Several professional writers have offered to write my book for me, but as I want no frills or fixings of any kind, just the plain facts of the case, I declined. I have already suffered from the effect of friendly lies and well meant exaggerations.

Using the word "I" so frequently may make it appear that I blow my own horn too much—maybe so, but when the truth is strictly adhered to, what about it? I had this experience and personally made these observations, and no one else. I give many others great credit for what I know them to have done. I am known to thousands of ex-soldiers and others all over Canada. very many of them have asked me to write my experiences and observations. I would not have any of them say that I had someone put my story in evening dress or full dress uniform review order. When plain khaki and plain language was our daily routine when the main part of this story was in the making. Professional writers, in setting forth their splendid command of the English language, high ideals, beautiful line of thought, and perfect grammar, often almost forget their subject.

My original manuscript contained much more bitter criticism regarding unnecessary losses of life graft and theft, etc., than is now set forth in this book. That I am not their judge is fortunate for those responsible for that awful condition. Those

who have passed on, may they get their just and proper deserts; those who are still living, may their consciences whisper to them in the dark hours of the night—lest they forget.

In the first chapter of this story I wish to call your attention to the class of immigrants who came to Canada in the early eighties and nineties of the last century—how we could not learn the English language fast enough and, at the same time adapt ourselves to the customs of the country, in order to become good Canadian citizens as soon as possible.

The Scandinavian immigrants occupied the same position then, numerically, as the Central European or Slav immigrants do today, and we, the Scandinavians, do not feel that in comparison with others it will be necessary to apologize for our presence in Canada, and I, myself, claim to be as good a Canadian citizen as anyone, no matter where born.

I was the first Canadian to escape from a German prison camp, which created quite a sensation. The green monsters of jealousy soon got busy; I was tried, condemned and executed by the yellow element behind my back. I could get no redress or square deal, Court of inquiry or army council, my request for same being repeatedly refused. I must be a German spy—impossible to get out of Germany otherwise. It was easy for him (me) to get away, as he talked fluent German, etc.; the stories were as numerous as sands of the seashore. By reading this book you will find out in detail how I got out of Germany. The main factor was that I had been an outdoor Sportsman all my life—could see without being seen, and could not get lost in strange surroundings, night or day. When one can fool all the wild game animals, a Sentry is easy he may see as well as most wild animals but his hearing and sense of smell in particular, do not compare with that of wild animals. This, mixed in proper proportions with a reasonable amount of nerve, cool-headed calculations, will explain it all.

As to the German language, my knowledge was limited to just a very few words that I had picked up from Germans working for me before the War,

but in the prison camp I studied German for five months and soon learned enough to get along with. Some of the other Officers said "What do you want to learn that damn language for." "Curiosity" I replied. Captain Lord James Murray, Cameron Highlanders, and myself were the only ones who studied German.

The German language had nothing to do with my escape itself. As for over one hundred miles from the prison camp I travelled on foot and at night only, but it enabled me later to travel by train for two days in the interior of Germany; it thus took me only ten and a half days to get out of Germany, where otherwise it would have taken me several weeks to cover the six hundred miles on foot. The language also enabled me to get much valuable military information that I could not have got in any other way.

Why did the other Officers not escape? Because an exploit of that kind came as natural to me as if came unnatural to the others. Each individual has certain natural gifts or aptitudes that the other fellow has not. I, myself, would be a horrible example as a University Professor. When it became know to my old 101st Regiment or 9th Battalion, C.E.F. soldiers and sportsmen friends back in Canada that I was a prisoner of War, the general saying was "We will bet they (the Germans) wont keep Pete for six months." All the best military training in the world will not train one to escape from an enemy's prison camp, thus there is no discredit coming to any of the other Officers for not escaping. On the other hand, I, feeling confident that I could escape and had not done so, would be forced to consider myself a coward and a traitor.

In War time doing your bit is not good enough, it is everyone's duty to do his best according to his individual ability. Later several of my Snipers and Scouts escaped, two of them were Private Adzick and Lovett. Many other Canadians also escaped in the following years; hundreds got away and were recaptured inside of Germany—several

made many such attempts. One Imperial Officer, Lieut. Temple, succeeded on his twelfth attempt. Captain Scudamore of Vancouver made several attempts; Captain Gaskel, Indian Army; Major Thorn, Vancouver made several attempts.

Now I claim there is greater credit coming to those who persistently tried to escape, knowing the terrible punishment, perhaps death, that a failure would bring, than to me, who was confident of success and made good on my first attempt.

I do not shirk any responsibility for the manner in which this book is written, in as much as it is not written, it is LIVED. Everything set forth in the following is the result of experiences and observations in many lands, and circumstances over which I did not always have control. While there are comments, humorous and otherwise, there is no fiction whatever, although my escape from Germany may easily be read and constructed as such, but truth is stranger than fiction, SOMETIMES, and this is one of the times.

THE AUTHOR.





Chapter I

MY EARLY DAYS IN DENMARK

I was born on the Island of Funen (Fyen) in Denmark, on April 24th, 1868. We had what, in that country, was considered quite a large farm. At school I was never the head of my class but always second or third; in Geography, however, I was easily ahead of all. At an early age I began to take an interest in things—the daily press and happenings in the world in general. For instance, I remember at about that time I often made the remark in school and elsewhere; “Great Britain and Ireland—why Ireland?”. It seemed strange to my young mind that Ireland was not part of Great Britain.



AGE TEN

At the age of ten I began to take an interest in military training, with a view to becoming an Officer in the army. All my ancestors right back to the Vikings have been soldiers.

I was always fond of hunting, shooting, fishing, and any and all outdoor sports, and being of an adventuresome spirit, I was longing to see the great outside world that I had read so much about. At

the age of twenty, having just previously been left an orphan, I decided to seek my fortune, or misfortune, in foreign lands, and incidentally learn the three languages, English, French and German, that were necessary as part of the training to qualify for an officer in the Danish army.

Chapter II

I IMMIGRATE TO CANADA

In the early Spring of 1888 my decision was made. I first had Australia in mind, but after reading all the literature that was to be had regarding both places, my decision was in favor of Canada, having in view to later go to the United States of America, India, Australia, Africa and then back to Denmark to continue my military training, but circumstances often alter cases; inside of one year it was apparent to me that this was a wonderful country, rich in possibilities and natural resources, second to none in opportunities for a young man, and I decided to make this my adopted country and acquaint myself with the customs and language of the country as soon as possible.

Those of you who have immigrated from the United Kingdom do not realize what it means to come to a foreign land with no knowledge of the language. Before I left Denmark this was my only worry, although it was my original programme to learn languages. To learn a language I used to repeat it to myself and others several times a day. When, on the First of May, 1888, I left my native land, and by the Allan line, via Hull and Liverpool, crossed the broad Atlantic in the Old Allan liner "Polonesian" (steam and sail combined) I landed in Quebec and could not speak a single word of English. Having previously read of Quebec, as well as most other places that had played any part in the World's History, I naturally looked around

the interesting old town; the Citadel and the Plains of Abraham particularly attracted my attention.

The next eight days and nights were spent on a Colonist car en route to Winnipeg. I did not sleep except during the dark hours of the night, as it interested me to see as much as possible of this, to me, new and wonderful primitive land. Always having lived in a flat country, the rocky and rugged shore of Lake Superior particularly impressed me. The ice had not yet gone out of Thunder Bay, although it was late in May. On May 25th we arrived in Winnipeg; it was quite a busy place and a marked contrast to all the rocky country and wilderness we had passed through from the East.

I noticed that East of Winnipeg only cordwood was used for fuel on the locomotives, vast quantities of which was piled up along the railway sidings everywhere. For domestic purposes Winnipeg also burned wood.

Chapter III

I GOT A JOB

The same day we arrived in Winnipeg we three Danes and two Swedes got a job with P. McArthur at Westbourne. On the next day, after staying at the Immigration Hall all night, we boarded the train and were met at Westbourne by someone who took us two miles down to the river on a steamboat where we were to work.

I now got busy with the language, pestering

everybody. Having an English-Danish dictionary helped me a great deal, as well as keeping away from my own countrymen as much as possible. In three months I could talk enough English to get along nicely. The first English those men taught me was not of a parliamentary or drawing-room nature, as I found out later, and for which I did not thank them.

We worked part of the time on the steam boat and part time at a sawmill at the narrows of Lake Manitoba. We were often short of food and caught fish in the lake. We, the foreigners, received \$20. a month and board, including much fish.

We were not good enough to eat with the rest, but we were good enough to lend them our good clothes to go to dances and parties with. This eventually brought on a young mutiny. When the smoke of battle cleared we were accepted as almost human and ate at the same table.

There was an Indian Reserve at the Narrows, and having read a great deal about Indians, but never having seen any before, I took a great interest in them.

In the Fall five of us, all Scandinavians, went



AS I ARRIVED IN CANADA
1888

threshing at Cheter, five miles east of Brandon. Having been brought up on a farm in the most highly developed farming country in the world I could not help taking notice and making comments on things that I saw, and I must say I was not very complimentary to the average Canadian farmer. It was a bad year for frost, and hundreds of acres of wheat were burned, as it would not have paid to cut it—it was a most pitiful sight. The worst, however, was that some of those farmers had nothing but wheat, not even oats, hay, potatoes or any other garden stuff; no cows, pigs, or chickens, in fact nothing but horses and wheat, and the latter was, in many cases, frozen, therefore useless, and burned—what an awful system of farming.

I now went to Whitemouth, in the lumberwoods east of Winnipeg. Two Swedes and myself got a job cutting cordwood for a storekeeper—P. McKinley. We lived in a small log cabin three miles from town. We got \$1.00 per cord for dry Tamarac. The others cut two cords a day while I could only cut half a cord a day to begin with, and I worked twice as hard as they did. After cutting my left foot badly and practicing hard, by Spring I could cut more wood than the others. It was a case of he who laughs last laughs best.

I studied English morning, noon and night (not in any school) and could now read and write quite well.

In the Spring I got a job at David Ross' sawmill at Whitemouth. I started at \$1.50 a day but soon got a more responsible job at \$2.00 a day. I was very pleased with myself, as in Denmark a man on a farm receives \$40.00 a year and his board. When I wrote back to Denmark and told them the wages I was getting, also that one could get one hundred and sixty acres of land for \$10.00, they replied: "We have never know you to be a liar, but that is unreasonable."

I had now been over a year in the country and my command of the English language was quite good. I was also adapting myself to the customs of the country, on the principle "When in Rome do as the Romans do." In those days there were quite a number of illiterate workmen, born under the British and American flags, who could not read and write their own language, and it often kept me busy on sundays and in the evenings doing correspondence for them. It struck me as very funny that a year previous to this I did not know enough to say "yes" or "no" in English, and I was now busy doing correspondence for men who could not read or write their own language.

Chapter IV

HUNTING AND TRAPPING

I had brought a double-barrelled gun with me from Denmark and bought a rifle in Brandon, but had done only a little hunting up to this time. I now decided to go trapping. There was an old trapper at Whitemouth; he was about sixty-five years old, and he told me and showed me all the tricks of the trade. I found afterwards that experience is the best teacher, although Mr. James Brownlee knew the business alright. This old man was quite a character; he told of his experiences all over Canada and the United States of America, where he had lived several years, in many different places. One night someone suggested that I take paper and a pencil and when he was telling his yarns, try to find out how old he was. By twelve o'clock that night he had reached two hundred and eighty years and was still going strong. Not wanting to be implicated by having him die of old age on my hands, I went home. The next day some of the others in the party told me that he got at least another hundred years after I left,

my fear of him dying on my hands was just a false alarm.

The sawmill shut down and I now went trapping, carrying my blankets, grub, traps, tin stove, rifle and ammunition fifteen miles North of town, near the Winnipeg river—this required several trips, and a number of miles travelled were through wet muskeg, nearly up to my knees. It took me only one and a half days to build a small cabin. Nobody knew where I was, only that my location was near the Winnipeg river, north of town. One day, after having been away for several weeks, while going into town for supplies, a party of eight men met me—they were on their way out to look for me. I told them about the proverbial needle in a haystack, and if it had not been that I was near town and on an old logging road, they would not likely have found me until I found them in town. In spite of being a greenhorn I did very well trapping.

The last part of the winter was spent working in the lumber-camp of David Ross. All this routine was carried on while I was at Whitemouth—hunting, trapping, working in the lumber-camp and sawmill, according to the seasons.

In the winter and early spring of 1891 I met an American trapper at Whitemouth by the name of Frank Canfield. On the suggestion of a half-breed W. McLead, who had been at Peace River, then the North West Territories, working for the Hudson's Bay Company for a number of years, Canfield and I decided to go to the far northwest. In April we went to Winnipeg and got jobs as section men at Crane Lake, on the C.P.R. near Medicine Hat, where we worked for several months. We received \$1.25 a day of ten hours and lived and boarded ourselves in a sidetracked box car. While there we saw many antelope, also wild fowl in thousands. The section foreman and his brother could neither read nor write, and my partner, Frank Canfield,

could read only, so I occupied the exalted position of private secretary to them all.

At this time I had a very interesting experience, and narrowly escaped being killed. It happened in this way: I was in the habit of going out shooting ducks for the pot when we wanted fresh meat and one day I took a short cut over the prairie to the creek, about two miles away. I walked through a bull herd of about fifty bulls, belonging to the Sir Lester Kay Ranch close by. These bulls pawed the earth, throwing clods of earth high in the air, bellowed, snorted, and milled around. However, having been brought up on a farm and used to cattle all my life, I paid no attention to them. In the evening the cowboys from the ranch came down to our box car to pass the time, and I happened to mention something about walking through the bull herd to the creek. They would not believe me, as no one, according to them, could walk through that herd and come out alive, at least they never had seen anyone on foot. When they satisfied themselves that I was telling the truth, they said that they would not take thousands of dollars and pass through that bull herd on foot. This was no doubt a case of a fool's luck and ignorance being bliss.

Chapter V

EDMONTON OR BUST

We now left Crane Lake for Medicine Hat and Calgary, where we met an old trapper and plainsman, Dan Carey, who gave us a lot of information which was very useful. We arrived in Edmonton on August 17th, 1891, on the first train to leave Calgary with passengers. We stayed for a few days at a small hotel owned by James Gibbons, on the spot now known as 111th Street. There was a store across the street, owned by Norris and Carey, where we outfitted for a trapping expedi-

tion into the great unknown. We got one, McKay, to haul us to Athabasca Landing, which took four days, travelling about twenty-five miles a day.

We bought the biggest dugout canoe I have seen in this country, from Jock Kinnard, who was in charge of the Hudson's Bay post at this point. We now tracked line alternately for about 400 miles to near the mountains, the current being too swift to row or paddle. We found that there was no game or fur in the country of any consequence except bears and partridges. We saw only one Indian encampment hunting bears and moose; we gave one of the Indians some matches and tea, and his gratitude knew no bounds. He expressed this by wanting to present us with one of his several squaws but as we declined he gave us a moose-nose, a great delicacy, which we received with thanks. It was rather strong but not strong enough to pull the boat up stream. As it was unfit to eat we threw it in the drink when we got out of sight around the next bend in the river.

About a week after this we had quite an exciting experience. We had just camped for the night, our tent was up and supper over, and darkness had set in. We heard shots fired half a mile or more away in every direction, and being strangers in that wilderness we did not know if any of the Indians were hostile. We hastily threw water on our campfire, grabbed our rifles and took to the bush within sight of our tent and canoe. The firing lasted only a few minutes. About eleven p.m. we heard a great splashing some two hundred yard up the river, as if some horsemen were crossing to our side. We kept close watch all night but nothing happened. On going up the river in the morning we discovered that it had been a couple of moose crossing the river that had made the noise on the previous evening. The shooting we heard must have been some sort of signalling.

It was now getting into November and as there

was no game in the country, we decided that we had better get out before we got frozen in. A start was made down river, and in a few days we arrived at Athabasca Landing among the drifting ice cakes—just in time, as we could not have got over twenty miles further down the stream on account of ice.

We camped near Hislop and Nagel's Trading Post for a few days, and we were then taken back to Edmonton by James Graham, freighter for the Hudson's Bay Company. We camped out in the snow the three nights on the road. Was it cold? No—not when one knows how to camp out. When you travel in the wilderness where no one lives, no matter how cold it is, camping out is the only hotel.

Chapter VI

AGAIN IN A LUMBER CAMP

On arriving in Edmonton we lived in our tent in the bush on 10th Street, South of Jasper Avenue, and in a few days got a job from Malcolm McLeod, who was going eighty miles up the river to Goose Encampment to take out logs for D. R. Fraser. We left town with several teams and sleigh-loads of supplies late in December, 1891. On reaching McNab's place, where the town of Spruce Grove now stands, we killed a steer and camped there for the night. It took us several days, camping out at night, to reach our destination. I was chief cook, making bannocks, frying bacon and making tea and coffee to order. In due time we arrived at the camp-site and it was not long before we had finished building the camp, stables, etc., after which, cutting logs was the order of the day. We worked there all winter for \$20.00 a month and board. The excellent cooking was done by Mr. and Mrs. Angus McLeod, a brother of the Log contractor.

In the Spring we both started to work at the building trade. We stayed first at what is now the St. Louis Cafe on Jasper Avenue East, and we paid \$4.00 a week for board and room. My partner and a Canadian carpenter often played cards (Pedro—not for money) with the proprietor, Louis Brunelle, and another Frenchman. The Frenchmen usually played partners and talked French to one another across the table—not the best of etiquette—and the other two English speaking partners resented it, although they said nothing to the Frenchmen. They did, however, mention it to me. For a number of years I was the only Dane in Town but I told them to wait until Olie, a Norwegian farmer came in. When Olie eventually did come in, and the card game was in full swing in the evening, I put Olie wise. We started to talk Norwegian, gesticulating as the Frenchmen usually did, and in about fifteen minutes the two Frenchmen got up and left. One should always be able to take his own medicine.

We worked for one W. Barker, a Sub-Contractor for Brickwork, Stonework and Plastering. One Saturday night he could not pay us, not having sufficient money to go round. He could not understand how that came about, nor could we, as his prices were all right and he did not spend money foolishly. On Sunday I said to Frank Canfield "Do you think Billy (Barker) is getting his proper measurement of the work? He did not know, so I suggested that we go and measure it up. "We can't do that he replied. "Well, I can," I retorted, "what do you suppose I went to school for? Canfield could read, but neither he nor our boss could write or do any figuring—rather a poor system of contracting. Laying stone by the cord, brick by the thousand, chimneys at so much a foot, plastering at so much per square yard, and then take the other fellow's measurement is not so good. We decided to measure up one job of plastering and

we found that our boss was \$200.00 short on this job. No wonder he could not pay us—and this was only one of several jobs. We again went to the boss for our money. He explained, as he had done the night before, that he did not have any. We then told him why he had no money, and suggested that he go and see Frank Peters, the General Contractor. When we did, Peters was very indignant and told us that he was not going to take measurements from any damn foreigner, meaning me. I told him that it did not matter, as I was not the only one in town who could measure plastering on the wall, and he could settle with Mr. Barker in Court, as well as answer to a charge of fraud. He now became quite tame and said that his foreman must have made a mistake. Strange to say, the foreman never made any mistakes after that.

Mr. Barker now got the contract for the stone basement, chimneys, and plastering from James McDonald, general contractor for the first up town Hudson's Bay Store (wooden building), where the present Hudson's Bay Store at 103rd Street and Jasper Avenue now stands. I was made foreman on this job, which at that time was a very big one, at a salary of \$4.00 per day, and I was only a kid. On completion of the work James McDonald, the general contractor, complimented me on the quality of the work, stating that it was one hundred per cent. I was now no small potato in my own estimation.

The next year, 1893, I started in contracting on my own account, on a small scale. The town was now a fair size; when we arrived in 1891 the population was barely six hundred, including the up and down river settlements and in the two years it had increased to over a thousand. I was very young for a contractor, and looked even younger than my age. Men looking for work could see no likely looking boss, not only on account of my insignificant appearance, but also because I worked right

along with my bricklayers and other workmen, and when someone pointed me out definitely as being the boss, they invariably said "THAT KID." The "Kid" was the boss alright. During the following years, sometimes in partnership with W. R. West, I built most of the brick buildings in Edmonton. Some have since been burned or torn down to make room for more modern structures.

In 1898 and 1899 I had the subcontract from K. A. McLeod, general contractor, for the McDougall and Secord Building, at the corner of Jasper and 101st Street, where the new Bank of Commerce now stands. Everybody said it was a fine building and a great acquisition to Edmonton, BUT it was too bad that it was so far out in the country. The Queens Hotel, then named Hotel Du Canada, and the old wooden Alberta Hotel, were at that time the centre of what little town there was.

In a few years we had used up all the boulders for many miles up and down the river—these were used for stone foundations—and as we could never get any brick to use before late in July or the beginning of August, I made up my mind to make brick—go out of town—or out of the business. James Ross of Ross Bros. Hardware Merchants, joined me in the business, and we were known as P. Anderson and Company, but not registered. Things did not go well from the beginning, as none of us knew anything about the business, which looked so simple. There is nothing the public think they know so much about as the brick business, and there is no industry they know so little about as the aforesaid brick business; its apparent simplicity is very deceiving and we consequently lost some invested capital. There were ten other pressed brick plants started at the same time as we did, at various points between Winnipeg and Calgary, but ours was the only one of the ten that succeeded in making pressed brick. For a number of years we made the only pressed brick in Western Canada, shipp-

ing as far as Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, and Cranbrook, B.C. We had orders from Vancouver and Winnipeg that we could not fill. I was still contracting; the first kiln of pressed brick was used in the construction of the Selkirk Hotel. I made the plans, made the bricks, and with Joe Pomerlau, built the hotel. A few years later, finding that I had too many irons in the fire, I quit contracting and devoted my whole time to brick making.

Chapter VII

JOINED 101st REGT.—EDMONTON FUSILIERS

In the winter of 1907-08 the 101st Regiment was being organized by Lieut. Col. Edwards, and Captains Carstairs, Osborne and Weeks. The two former Captains were later in command of the Unit. Having had much military training in my youth, and of military sympathy and tendency, I received a Captaincy after passing an examination at the conclusion of a class for Officers conducted in the MacKay Avenue School during the winter.

I was in command of "D" Company. I usually had my Company full strength, and many of the men were my own employees in the brickyard. I took a great interest in the Militia, as I felt that some day they would put Canada on the map. At that time I was pretty well in touch with the commercial, military and financial situation in the world generally, and could not help but see what was coming. I was not, by far, the only one, and we could not help that the powers that be persisted in being blind until the last minute. We later paid the price in blood and money, accordingly. **Slow but sure** may sound swanky and optimistic, but it is not commensurate with economy.

We had some good Camps in Calgary, under the able command of Col. Cruickshanks, later General

Cruickshanks, and Captain Bell, later General Bell. We had several Ssam-battles—I was generally in command of the attacking force. As soldiering comes natural to me, as well as handling men, I never had a reverse in any of the sham-battles. I might say that it is harder to win a sham-battle than a real one, as often the umpires will not allow certain strategical movements that they cannot understand. On the other hand, when fighting a real enemy there are no umpires and no boundaries except natural ones, and strategy is much more economical than manpower.

Most of the pressed brick fronts and pressed brick private residences in Edmonton are made of my brick. With contracting, brick-making, and supplying sand and gravel, I have had in some capacity or other to do with the construction of about seventy-five per cent of the brick buildings in Edmonton—that is, previous to the War.

A few years before the War I bought out my partner, James Ross, and was now the sole owner of P. Anderson and Company, Brickworks.

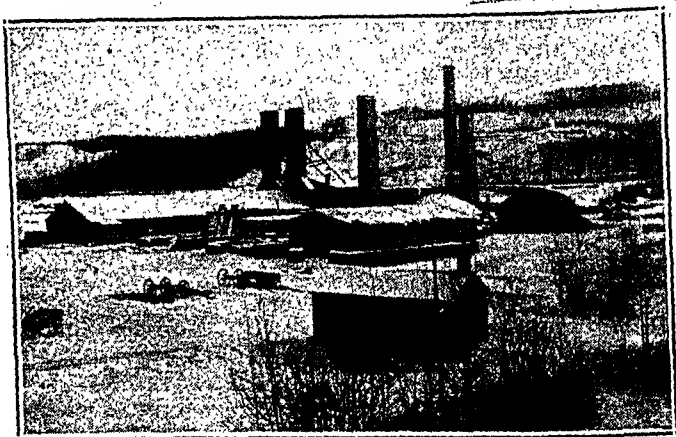
When the boom came I never speculated or gambled in any form, but I had some property that I sold for \$109,000.00. which put me on easy street. In 1913 I had an offer of \$450,000.00 for the brickworks, as a going concern, not including the mineral rights, estimated at 1,360,000 tons of coal, but it was not for sale as brick-making had become my hobby as well as my business.

In 1913, having my nose to the grindstone, as the saying goes, for many years, and having had an awful struggle in many ways, building up a large business against heavy odds, and needing a rest anyhow, I decided to take a trip to the old country. I left a trusted bookkeeper in charge—a man I had helped out of trouble financially and otherwise on several occasions. When I returned I found that he had done me for several thousand dollars. Previous to this when I was at home and running my own business, I had to give account to

the bank for a postage stamp, figuratively speaking, and it was a pity the bank did not take more interest in my business when I was away.

In March and April, 1914, I attended the Royal Military School at Fort Osborne Barracks, Winnipeg, and qualified for a Field Officer. On my return I was getting my business reorganized and everything was going along alright, when the War broke out in August.

Having been an Officer in the 101st Regiment, Edmonton Fusiliers, since organization, and now a Field Officer (Major), I got my affairs in such shape as I could on short notice, and left Edmonton on the 22nd August for the great adventure, which in my case lasted five years, three and a half months, until nearly Christmas, 1919, and cost me my health and about one million dollars, as those whom I left to look after my business again let me down. Being born and brought up in a country where everybody trusted everyone else, it is hard for me to mistrust anyone.



This is what I left in 1914 to fight for King and Country. Theft, Vandalism, Fire and Taxes has reduced this Plant to exactly NOTHING.

Chapter VIII

THE GREAT WAR IN THE MAKING

THE DIE WAS CAST. The Hun had flung the gauntlet in the face of Europe. The bugle sounded in many lands, and the tramp of martial feet was heard everywhere, as the opposing armies formed up in battle array, for the greatest struggle the world has ever seen—the magnitude of which but few thought of in those days of August, 1914. The Hun, after 44 years of preparation, and sure of victory, sent his hordes, like Attila of old, to the conquest of Europe—displaying a fiendish cruelty unparalleled in history—disregarding all treaties, international laws, and the regular usages of war. Could we as Canadians and Britishers, with the red blood of our noble ancestors coursing through our veins, stand calmly by, and let the Hun work his will on unhappy Belgium and glorious France? No—a thousand times, No!

I remember a number of us standing at the corner of 101st street and Jasper avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, eagerly reading the war bulletins several times a day, about the German atrocities in unhappy Belgium. I saw men grind their teeth and say to one another, "Wait until we get at them. We'll give them hell!" And they meant it.

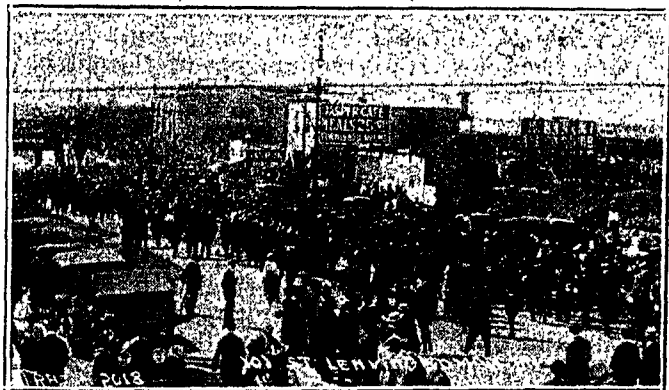
The echo of the first German guns fired had hardly lost itself among the hills and forests of the hitherto peaceful countryside, when the British Lion aroused from his slumber, roared the challenge. The Hun trembled. It was so unexpected. The Lion's cubs also responded to the call. The Colonies all flew to arms. This was the biggest surprise of all, as the Hun was certain that his propaganda of many years had effectively put a stop to any aid which the Colonies might think of rendering to the Mother Country. But he did not

know us. He found to his sorrow, on many a bloody battlefield that the Cubs of the great British Lion were dangerous to play with.

We, the 101st Regiment Edmonton Fusiliers, at once wired to Ottawa, offering our service as a unit. After a short delay Ottawa assented, and we got busy recruiting the regiment up to full strength. The war spirit was in the air. Men walked night and day into the city afraid of being too late to join the first contingent. In a few days we had to refuse men, as we were filled up to full strength. We were training every day; a motley crowd, dressed any old way; but the spirit was there. They were the men of the "Bull dog breed." I was in command of the training; such as we knew it then. "When are we going, Major," was the impatient question usually from morning till night. "Do you think we will be in time for the fighting?" I generally told them they would see plenty of fighting. WE DID. At last the much asked about Order came from Ottawa, to entrain for Valcartier. It was great; it was inspiring to see the splendid fellows receiving the welcome news. They cheered; they shook hands, they talked all at once. "I hope we won't be too late," some of them said. I was not afraid of being too late. Billy Griesbach (now Major General), Col. E. B. Edwards, the first O.C. 101st Regiment, Cols. Carstairs and Osborne and several other of the officers, including myself, had been discussing for years the German Possibility. We took the militia seriously, because we felt that someday we would be called upon to make "Der Tag" a failure for its promoters, the Deutschland uber alles Co. Ltd., head office, Berlin (since gone bankrupt).

The day came when we moved—at last we were marching down Jasper avenue. Dense crowds followed us and lined the streets. The bands were playing. We were nine hundred and forty men, some in khaki, some in scarlet tunics—but the ma-

majority in civilian clothes, with a white band round their arms. No baggage was carried, we having been told that everything was being arranged at Valcartier. I was in command, the Colonel and Adjutant following five days later, with about four hundred more men. On arriving at the C.P.R. sta-



August 22nd, 1914, We Marched Down Jasper Avenue
to C.P.R. Station

tion, the men were formed up awaiting the two troop trains. There was great shouting and shaking hands with friends and relatives. Alas, only too often by one who would never come back. But the spirit of war was in the air. Were we not going to a real war, to show the world what Canada could do? "Show them what we mean," as the famous jubilee song says. Many came and gripped me warmly by the hand, saying they wished they could go with me. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, were there. Some would say, "You look after Jimmy, Billy, Jack, etc., won't you?" I replied, "Certainly, that is what I am here for." With sadness in my heart and much bitterness did I recall this promise a few months later. Some added,

"We know you, Peter—we know that you'll take care of the boy alright. Anyhow, you won't be long. It will soon be over." I told some that I did not want to discourage anyone, but not to expect us back before at least two years.

I had read a great deal about Germany's and other nations' military organizations, and knew we were up against a hard proposition. I had also seen in Paris, in 1913, French men and women standing before the monuments of the cities of Strasbourg and Metz, statues of Alsace and Lorraine, on the Place de la Concorde—looking at them with sadness or grinding their teeth. German tourists passed them with a scornful laugh, great believers in themselves, and "Der Tag." Later in August, passing through Brussels, Cologne and Hamburg to Denmark, I saw immense military activity throughout Germany; in fact more than there was to be seen from the train anywhere in England during the war. So all in all, two and two make four; in this case it made about five (years). On arriving in Denmark (after twenty years absence) those who were left who knew me, were pleased to see me, and wanted to know when I would be back again. I told them that I expected to be over that way again in a year or two, with a big army—telling them what I had seen in Germany. Some said I could consider myself fortunate to have a commission (captain then) in the Canadian or British army, and to be able to fight the hated Germans, who were awfully dominating neighbours, overbearing, and impossible. Some German tourists whom I saw in the hotels in Copenhagen at the time, were certainly impossible. On my return to England enroute to Canada, I discussed this matter with many who were of the same opinion—as to the possibility of a great European conflict (having taken Lord Roberts' warnings seriously). Why didn't we listen to Bobs?

At about 2 p.m. on August 22nd, 1914, "Ours"

the 101st Regiment, Edmonton Fusiliers, boarded the two troop trains at the C.P.R. station, Edmonton—giving a parting handshake, promising to write soon, fluttering of handkerchiefs, waving of hands, the bands playing, the crowds cheering themselves hoarse. What was before us? Time would show. The train was moving; I took a last look at the old place, with a lump in my throat, and a mixture of sadness and joy in my heart—with sadness, because I knew and felt that many of my splendid men were looking upon Edmonton for the last time—with joy and pride, as a senior officer in the Canadian Army, which was now from its infancy to grow and develop into a mighty host—to be a great factor in itself in the world war, as subsequent events proved. Also, being a Dane by birth, and brought up under the heel of the Hun, so to speak, I have an inborn hatred of them as a Nation that those who are British born, cannot understand.

The humiliations that the small nations, who are neighbours to Germany, have been subjected to are beyond description. So it was with much satisfaction on my part, that I set out to fight the hated Hun—particularly as a British officer in command of SUCH men as I had with me. I knew that I could trust them in any tight place (subsequent events proved that my confidence in them was not misplaced); and I felt that I owed it to my adopted country, and to my Viking ancestry, that I should not fail them.

The train rolled on and everyone was happy, laughing and joking. Were we not to be real soldiers in a real war?

Next morning, August 23rd, our M.O., Dr. Neff, came to me and suggested that he start innoculating all the troops on board the train. I said, "All right, but you must start with me first." He laughed and gave me a shot in the arm—"hypodermically speaking," this was the first shot fired in the war

so far as the 101st was concerned. Nearly all the men were inoculated, also the doctor, the acting adjutant, Mr. Pike and myself. Mr. Pike explained to the men the great importance of inoculation. The only thing of note, en route to Valcartier, was that the people cheered us at many places. I also noticed that on several cars the boys had written in large chalked letters, "On to Berlin." Strange to say, I was the only one of the Canadians ever to reach Berlin, but minus my men. I wished they had been with me there, and we would have shot Kaiser Bill's village up some.

Chapter IX

WE ARRIVE AT VALCARTIER CAMP

After several days we arrived at Valcartier, after dark. An officer from headquarters received us, saying "Are you the 101st from Edmonton?" Someone said "Yes." He then said, "Tumble out." No one moved. I had just before dark numbered off all the men, and told them to keep their places when filing out of the cars, turn to their right in two ranks with their backs to the train, but no one was to move until I blew my whistle and gave the order. With the assistance of the officers and N.C.O's. this was very successfully carried out and in much quicker time than we could have "tumbled out," and there they were, all standing with their backs to the train waiting further orders. I asked for instructions from the staff officer present, Captain Hamilton, (later Colonel in command of 3rd Echelon, Rouen, France, and also after that Director of Personal Services, Argyle House, London). He gave me the direction and a guide. I gave the order: "Form fours, right, left wheel, quick march!" and followed the guide who had a lantern. The staff officer told me many times after that we were the only outfit that did not "tumble out" when de-

training. We were allotted to a certain camp, and started to train at once. The camp at Valcartier was under the able command of Col. Victor Williams, afterwards Brigadier-General, and a prisoner of war, through no fault of his own. In a few days reports reached us that Lieut.-Col. F. Osborne was not coming, and Col. S. M. Rogers was placed in command of the 101st regiment. However, five days after our arrival, Col. Osborne turned up with the adjutant, several other officers, and about four hundred other ranks. This made us up to considerably over strength. We were the only complete unit in the 1st Canadian Division. Some of the battalions were composed of very many militia units. We now gradually had our arms, equipment, clothing, etc., issued and the inoculation finished. (This no doubt saved thousands of men's lives).

Then training began in earnest—I had a certain advantage in having, the previous April, taken a course at Fort Osborne Barracks, in Winnipeg, F.O. and equitation; but none of us knew any too much. We picked up the military routine in short order, as everyone was keen to become efficient; to get over and at them. A good deal of time was spent in rehearsals for numerous reviews—marching past Sir Sam Hughes, and other dignitaries, that might have been spent to better advantage. We had the longest rifle range in the world: fifteen hundred targets and three miles long—some range, some noise, but poor results; it is impossible to train wholesale raw recruits to shoot. By this time all the contingents from coast to coast had arrived. We had been reorganized and were now known as the 9th Battalion. We worked very hard and gained quite an efficiency, according to the idea of military training in those days. I had a buckskin horse "Napoleon" The boys were very much amused watching me every day fighting with Napoleon—he could buck some. I expect that he ob-



Valcartier Camp, September, 1914

jected to my weight, as he was a small horse and I am no chicken. I always used to say when he was bucking, "Wait a bit, I want to go with you." The boys laughed, and passed funny remarks. One morning I went on and he didn't; he threw me over his head. I got up kind of sheepish looking with blood all over my face. Napoleon stood close by looking at me with contempt. I was going to mount again and have it out with him, but was blinded with blood and so badly shaken up that I had to be taken to No. 1 Field Ambulance, or field dressing station, about fifty yards away. There was a good deal of discussion afterwards about my being dumped so conveniently to the field hospital. Some said it was luck, but I always claimed that it was good, common horse sense on the part of Napoleon. It showed that he was sorry for what he did, before he did it. But nevertheless, he nearly put my Bones apart, so that after that he got his full name: Napoleon Bonapart. Perhaps this was what the rascal was after: horses are so funny.

I was in the hospital for a day or so, a horrible looking sight. Then I left and went home to my tent, not very far away. A few hours after, the whole camp, or at least a part thereof, were looking for me. When I was found in my own tent, I was told that I was a deserter from the hospital. But the war being so young, I claimed ignorance, and consented to go back to be properly discharged on the morrow. On the following day I was discharged from hospital, according to the proper rules and regulations. I reported back to the battalion for duty. The O.C. thought I better have a rest, and further suggested that I go down to Quebec and stay at the Château Frontenac for a few days, which I did. A few days after I arrived at Quebec, the transports began to make their appearance. At the same time the troops began to arrive from Valcartier, and embark at once, and

drop down the river to Gaspé Bay, where we all assembled in a very few days. We were six warships and thirty-three transports, thirty-three thousand troops, the crews on the transports, and the crews on the battleships, over fifty thousand men in all.

"If General Wolfe could see us now," I thought. There was much cheering and music by bands on board the different ships. Everyone was in great spirits except the transport officers and their personnel. On inquiry I found that they had been dispossessed of all their horses and wagons, etc., and were very indignant about it. So well might they be as was later proved. It was on October 4th, at 3 p.m., that the greatest Armada ever seen on the Atlantic weighed anchor and set its course for the old land. We sailed in three long columns, with a cruiser heading each and one cruiser in the rear of the three columns, and also a warship on each flank. We were the third transport on the right hand column, the S.S. Zeeland, containing our 9th Battalion and two companies of Canadian Engineers, under Colonel Armstrong, (since Brigadier General) Colonel Rogers being senior officer and O.C. ship. He used great judgment in allotting places in the dining room. For instance, he sat Col. B. J. Saunders and myself at the same table with three preachers. The moral influence by the example we showed those sky pilots was wonderful, later events proved this as only one of them ever went astray. Col. Saunders and myself naturally felt much flattered in having achieved such a very high percentage of success.

It proved to be a very slow passage as some of the ships could only make nine knots, which reduced the whole fleet to that speed. The whole passage was quite uneventful; one man fell overboard from the Royal Edward, and was picked up by the Franconian, next ship behind. The nursing sisters and the medical staffs were on board the

Franconian. There were many remarks about that fellow falling overboard. Some said he had a sister on board the Franconian and wanted to see her. Others said if our ship was right in front of the Franconian, we would all fall overboard. I remarked to Capt. McInnes, "What do you think of that?" He looked at me, and I looked at him, and we changed the conversation without saying a word. We were both married men. The sea was quite calm, and there was little or no trouble, except that there was quite a lot of dissatisfaction when it was found that the officers could have beer and intoxicating liquors, while the other ranks could not. It was very unfair. I believe in never asking or ordering any man to do, or not to do, anything that you can't or won't, or daren't do yourself under similar circumstances. It was a glorious sight to see this mighty fleet crossing the broad Atlantic. We kept all the ships in darkness at night, as the Karlsruhe and other German cruisers were still at large on the high seas. We did not worry about them as we saw that we were well protected. In due time we arrived at Devonport. There was much excitement when we saw a battered cruiser there, under repair, it having been in a scrap in the North Sea. Several big warships were there. The sight was inspiring. We finally landed on Sunday, and open air service was held on the Hoe at Plymouth, near the same spot from which Drake first sighted the Spanish Armada in the long ago.

Chapter X IN ENGLAND

Later the same day, we marched to the railway station and were greeted with the greatest enthusiasm as we were the first Colonial troops to land in England. Dense crowds followed us and lined the streets, and cheers rent the air. Yes, we were

real soldiers all right. Some of the boys were feeling pretty good, having got hold of a wee drop. Where they to plame? No. The officers had the privileges all the way over. Motto: Never do to anyone what you won't have him do to you, under the same circumstances. We entrained at the railway station, and pulled out after dark, arriving at Lavington, Salisbury Plain, after midnight. We at once marched to Pond Farm, several miles away. I had the job of bringing up the rear. There were a few stragglers, mostly as a result of ill-fitting boots; one was Private Peet. We arrived at Pond Farm towards morning, and were given some hot tea and soup. I went around and saw that the men were looked after. Later we were shown some empty tents, empty palliasses, and a straw pile. Go to it. We all did, officers and all. Some of the men slept in the straw pile the first night. The straw pile was inside a marquee (large tent). Next day we got properly located in camp, and our officers messed with the 10th Battalion, and the Newfoundland contingents, officers under Capt. Franklin (since Lieut. Col. D. S.O.). All our messing was done by Harrods' who gained undying fame for Brussels sprouts. It now rained nearly all and every day; mud, mud, everywhere. Were we down-hearted? No! The popular song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" was heard everywhere. I sat beside Major Ormond, since Brigadier-General, from Portage la Prairie, and used to sing to him, "It's a Long Way to Portage la Prairie."

We now began training again. In a few days a new system of training was instituted, four companies to a battalion, instead of eight companies, which turned everything topsy turvy and rendered our hard work at Valcartier more or less useless. The monotony was constantly broken by individuals or bands of wild men, coming round with murder in their eyes. They were the Quartermasters,

Transport Officers, and their henchmen from the various units, trying to locate their property; horses, wagons, harness, saddles, everything was mixed up and missing. Much of this material and many horses, were supposed to have been lost at sea . . . were they? Sometimes parts of wagons were found at several different places, miles apart. I lost Napoleon Bonapart in this melee, but got a better horse. One could shoot from his back; he could be left untied everywhere; would neck rein; a regular western cow-pony. So personally I was the gainer. All this worry, work and confusion was not due to any neglect or inefficiency on the part of any of the Quartermasters, Transport Officers or other ranks under their command, but owing to the idiotic or criminal order given to them at the last minute before embarkation at Quebec, to turn in all their horses, stores and equipment, against which they protested vigorously, well knowing what the result would be. But it was to no avail; the "fool" order was carried out with a vengeance, resulting in a loss to the country of many thousands of dollars. There was later a Court of Enquiry into the question of the lost horses and stores in transit from Valcartier to Salisbury Plain. It lasted for weeks. There was no conclusion arrived at although there was no lack of evidence as to how it happened. It was referred back to Quebec and Ottawa to be finally disposed of. Has anybody ever heard what happened in Canada regarding this matter? There is no need to tell me what this court found out at Salisbury Plain as I had the honor, much to my disgust, to be a member of aforesaid court, and voted in favor of a definite finding. I got a good saddle horse out of it anyway. I wonder what the gang who promulgated that fatal order at Quebec got? I know what they ought to have got.

General Alderson (Imperials) was now in command of the Canadian Division. While he was a

very fine man there was a good deal of dissatisfaction expressed by reason of our not having one of our Canadian Senior officers in command. The names of Gen. Sam Steele, Sir Archibald Macdonald, Col. Vic. Williams, Col. Lipsett and others were mentioned. General Alderson came and made a speech one day, and made himself very popular with the boys by telling them they were going to have wet canteens. Valcartier had been dry. A couple of weeks after this we had a grand review where their Majesties King George and Queen Mary were present; also Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener and others. It was raining the whole time but the boys were cheerful as usual and gave the royal party some rousing cheers.

One day I was sent for by the Brigade to proceed with an advance party of two hundred men to sling plantation, Bulford, about twelve miles away, to get the camp in shape, to receive the whole brigade a few days later, which I did in this manner. I was told to get a motor lorry to take the supplies. I commandeered enough motor lorries to take the 200 men as I was not going to have them walk 12 miles in rain and mud if I could help it. At the Brigade headquarters they were very indignant about it, saying that I should only have taken one motor lorry for the supplies. I apologized profusely for misunderstanding the order. It was very careless of me, no doubt.

I found that there were yet many huts to be completed so some of the Canadians turned to and helped out. Some of those huts grew up like mushrooms over night. It rained incessantly, and mud was everywhere. In a few days the brigade arrived. This was a fine camp only for the rain. Numerous rifle ranges particularly appealed to me. After a short time in this place, we changed back to the eight company system of training. A stroke of the pen can render any amount of military train-

ing useless. The pen is truly mightier than the sword, but not so loyal to the cause.

We had done very hard training in spite of the rain. In the capacity of brigade field orderly officer, I got to be well known to all. Our Brigade, consisting of the 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th and 17th (Highland battalion); some Army Service Corps and Medical units, and all of these I had to inspect during my tour of duty.

Chapter XI

MISPLACED COURTESY

In the summer of 1913 I spent a good deal of time between London and Paris. This being the case I was not particular about going on leave to London when we were on Salisbury Plains in the Winter of 1914-15.

I told the other field Officers in the Brigade that if their tour of duty as Brigade field orderly Officers interfered with their leave, I would do it for them. This was done to such an extent that I became almost a fixture in this capacity.

This duty of daily inspection included the whole Brigade area every unit details and Hospitals.

There was one Hospital at Bulford where I met two Nursing Sisters, Miss Leslie and Miss Cromwell. I had met them once in Quebec. They introduced me to some of the other Sisters and told them what a gallant Officer I was, how I helped them out of great difficulty in Quebec and thanked me most profusely. Yes I said that was when Knighthood was in flower. This was enacted every time I came. After better acquaintance I one day picked up enough courage to ask them point blank what all this excessive gratitude was all about.

Chapter XII

THIS IS WHAT IT WAS

I landed in Quebec in 1888. I always have been in the habit of making myself acquainted in a strange place as much as time and opportunity allows.

After my horse nearly put my bones apart at Valcartier Camp, I was convalescent at Chateau Frontenac, Quebec for several days and made myself still more acquainted with the historic old town.

A day or so before we embarked for overseas, being down by the pier, I met two Canadian nursing Sisters coming back from the direction of the pier. I saw that they were angry, so I stopped them saying, What is the trouble Ladies? They both talked at the same time, you all know that women always do that when angry.

After I, with a few well chosen words, had got them back to normal. They said we were going out on the pier to look after our luggage but the sentry will not let us pass. As no Western Officer and Gentleman will leave any Ladies in distress, I naturally offered to take them past the sentry, who saluted according to rules and regulations. Their luggage was easily located. We all returned to the City. Me knowing the City very well it was only true Western courtesy, demonstrated in the East that I should show them around the City, pointing out places of historic interest. This they appreciated very much to much I thought, laughing and winking at one another. I could not make out what this excessive merriment was all about. As I had not committed any gay Cavalero stunts. I got quite embarrassed, I could not see anything wrong with my appearance, boots, leggings, spurs, Sam Brown belt all shined up according to rules and regulations. My buttons all properly fastened. I wondered what it was all about. In an hour or so they indicated that it was time for them to re-

turn to the Nursees Home. I called a taxi for them and they thanked me most profusedly hoping to see me again over there.

They did so as per above—and said with much laughter, It was most kind and interesting, Major, to show us around the City of Quebec. WE WHERE BORN THERE.

And I never heard the last of it when ever after I met them.

It was an awful war alright.

As I reported my own battalion for irregularities as well as any of the others, when occasion demanded, I was quite popular, except with a few of the habitual evildoers. Later on in the winter we had an outbreak of Cerebro-Spinal Meningitis, that carried off a number of Canadian Soldiers but not so many as is generally supposed; our battalion (the 9th) had no cases at all. Some of the other battalions in the Brigade had none either. The 17th battalion suffered most. The holiday season came on, the mud got deeper, and no signs of our going to France. We were again changed back to the four company system of training. It was very discouraging this fooling about, and made one lose confidence in the powers that be. Musketry was not gone into to any extent, although it is the most important branch of infantry training. It does not matter how smart or perfect an infantry soldier may be; if he can't shoot he is a nuisance and only eligible to become a casualty and have perhaps good shooting men looking after him, when they should all be busy inflicting casualties on the enemy. We here lost a very promising young officer, Lieut. Briscoe, from Galt, Otnario. He was accidentally killed on the rifle range, near Sling Plantation. We gave him a military funeral.

One day General Alderson came and called a meeting of the Brigade, and very solemnly told us that we, the 4th Brigade were to be made a re-

serve Brigade. It was like a bolt from the blue. Someone behind me said, "Damn," and the officers generally were very disappointed. He also said that they had decided to make cavalry out of the 6th battalion, Fort Garry Horse, and that another battalion was to take its place in the Second Brigade. The one that proved itself the most efficient would be chosen. Of course in our own minds our own battalion was the most efficient. Some time after the 10th battalion was selected, under Lieut. Col. Boyle (since died of wounds). I was on a few days leave to London about that time. When I returned to my quarters at Sling Plantation at night, the whole camp was deserted. After looking around for some time, I found a couple of men; they did not know where the Brigade had moved to; all they knew was that they moved out the day before, so I got out my electric torch and began to examine the landscape for signs of wheel and hoof marks, etc. I soon found that the bulk of the traffic was heading for Tidworth, about three miles away, so I made tracks for that place. I arrived there in about an hour; it was very dark. I was challenged by an 11th battalion sentry. Of course he knew me when I came over to the light. He did not know where the 9th battalion was; he only knew it was there somewhere; nor did he know where his own, or anybody else's Orderly room, or Brigade H. Q. were located. This was always a common occurrence. The sentry was not to blame, but the system of training, or the lack thereof in this respect. I finally wandered around and found some of my own men; they knew where they were located themselves, but did not know the location of the officers' quarters. So after creating more harmless disturbance, going to the wrong places, I finally landed at Burthpoore Barracks, where the 9th mess was located. I found Major Watts and he told me where my room and things were.

The political machine was now getting in its foul

and relentless work. We, the 101st regiment, the only complete unit, and to spare, in the First Division, were to be broken up for the reinforcement of Eastern battalions. We were politically unfit. I was shortly after this time musketry instructor for the training division. I wrote quite a long, pitiful letter to Col. Edwards to try and do something in Edmonton to keep us together. I had no idea that we were going to be broken up before the division had gone to France, and casualties occurred, as I did not know then that the Eastern units were not complete. But one fine day at the end of January orders came to send the men in batches to the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th Bat. It was an awful blow after having worked with those men all winter; after what I had promised fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, that I would look after Tommie, Jimmy, Bill and Jack, to see them parcelled off like slaves in a slave market. I was beside myself. The colonel wanted me to take a draft over to Lark Hill. I told him it would be easier for me to stand out there on the parade ground and cut my fingers off, one by one, and throw them to the dogs. A day or so after this, the battalion paraded about seven strong; all that was left of them on the slave market of Tidworth. Then after that I lost all interest in local surroundings. Colonel Clegg, from Peterborough, Ontario, had been put over my head in my own battalion, as second in command. This was very encouraging. Yes, the political machine was at work to perfection. Col. Maynard Rogers was made O.C. Troops, with Headquarters at Salisbury; that left Col. Clegg in command of the 9th Reserve Battalion. This did not worry me a great deal, as I did not want to command a Reserve Battalion, and I had lost all my men on the slave market at Tidworth. We came over to fight Germans. We did not know then what a continuous fight we would always have with politicians.

Chapter XIII

LEAVING FOR FRANCE

On the 7th of February, 1915, I rode over with Colonel Clegg to Emesbury to see the Division entraining for France. Everybody was cheerful but me; I had lost my men.

The next day presented an awful sight at Lark Hill and other camps, that the Division had vacated. There were quarters of good beef, bread, harness, rifles, machine guns, all kinds of stores thrown in the mud, and spoiled; even motor cars were left. No one to my knowledge has ever been held responsible for this criminal waste. After this I never lost an opportunity of worrying Col. Rogers about going to France the very first chance there was. About two weeks or so after the Division had gone there was a draft of 175 other ranks going across also a staff captain and an engineer officer. I was put in command of the draft as there was a major wanted "somewhere in France"—I was not told where. This was the first draft to go to France for the 1st Division. One draft had previously gone from the 12th battalion under the command of Captain Ogilvie to the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry but they were not then in the Canadian Division, being brigaded with Imperial Units, having gone to France some time previous to the Canadian Division.

We arrived at Southampton the same day as we left Tidworth and I found myself O.C. ship in command of the transport of 900 men for various Imperial regiments. The ship was only supposed to carry seven hundred men. We did not run foul of any submarines and arrived at LeHavre, in France, at daylight.

After seeing that all documents were in order, we disembarked the troops, and marched six miles to the camp, which was under the able command of Col. Harrison, Imperial. He was a very fine offi-

cer. He took a great interest in me, being the first Canadian to come to his camp; and also because I was a strong advocate of developing a sniping system to counteract the German snipers, who had cost the Imperial and French armies so many good men during the winter. He gave me a personal letter to General Alderson who was a friend of his they being both together as young lieutenants at Halifax.

We were in the rest camp for two days, and when parading to move up country, I found that my papers read for me to turn over the draft at the Front, and report back to the 9th Reserve Battalion. This did not suit me, so Col. Harrison told me to stay right there until he wired for instructions; which I did. The draft proceeded in command of the engineer's officer. In two days I got orders to proceed up country and report to the 16th Battalion. I here found Private Houston, 16th Battalion, who had been left behind when the Division came over, having received a minor injury on board ship. I took him along with me and turned him over to his battalion. I arrived there via Boulogne, three days later, and was landed off a motor lorry under shell fire. A good start. I found the quartermaster of the 16th Battalion; all the rest were in the front trenches. He told me he thought it must be a mistake sending me there as he was sure there were no vacancies in the battalion, but advised me to go and see General Turner, V.C., O.C. 3rd Brigade, which I did. The General told me that he did not have a vacancy in his brigade for a lieutenant, to say nothing of a major; and advised me to go and see the divisional staff. On my way back to divisional headquarters, I caught up to a young Canadian soldier going along the road crying. I said what is the trouble, boy. He saluted and between sobs told me that he was an American, had enlisted in Canada under age, his mother had found out where he was and he

was now being sent back. And now when we are going to fight, too, he cried. I took him to headquarters and turned him over to the staff. Never heard how he got on. I cheered him up some at any rate. This was the prevailing spirit in those days. The troops volunteered for active service and they wanted it. There were many Americans in the first Canadian Division who could not wait for Wilson to make up his mind. There was later many more in the Canadian Army Corps. On arriving at H.G. I found that I was to go to the 3rd Battalion from Toronto. A motor car was provided and I arrived at the 3rd Battalion H.Q. after dark. I could hear rifle and machine gun firing and see the German flares go up in the air.

I reported to Col. Rennie (since Brigadier General) and gave him the letter I had from general headquarters. He told me there must be some mistake, as he had no room for a major. It seemed that nobody loved me. He asked me how long I had been in the militia. I saw at once that I was everything but welcome. I met several more of the officers. Col. Rennie told me to stay with his mess until he found out what to do with me.

It did not take me long to find out that I was sent there second in command to replace Major Hickenbottom, who had just died in England. He was a most efficient officer and a great loss to the battalion. I was a sort of a camp follower. About two hundred of my own ninth Battalion men were in the third Battalion, and they were glad to see me. They knew they had a friend that would always give anyone fair play. But could I get a fair play myself? There certainly was a vacancy for a second in command. That was what I was sent there for, but I was "non persona grata," being a westerner, having a slight foreign accent, etc. It was a most humiliating po-

sition to be in, so I went to Col. Rennie and told him frankly that I had taken notice how things stood. I knew I was sent there second in command, but I saw they had their own organization and plans; and I did not want to butt in on anybody; that I had a way out of it, if he would see fit to recommend it. And I went on to explain how I had been agitating all winter, and worrying Col. Rogers to see the War Office, and get authority to send me over with a selection of my own men of Canadian hunters, trappers, cowboys, etc.; to deal with the German snipers, who had taken such a heavy toll of the Imperial troops all winter, and how nothing had come of it. But now the Canadians were in France, I would like to go and demonstrate that we had better snipers than the Germans, and incidentally pointed out how many of our own men's lives we could save by keeping the Hun sniper under. Col. Rennie said he fully agreed with me, he being a Bisley man himself, and saw the importance of my argument. Of course we knew we were up against the usual red tape rule and regulation stuff, there being no rule set down for a sniping scout officer. That our men were picked off by the hundreds by German snipers did not seem to worry the powers that be. So I was attached to "B" company, (Captain Muntz, since killed in France) for pay and rations, without "portfolio," pending Col. Rennie's effort to get me started on this sniping scheme, or having me sent back to England, or having to give me my right as second in command of his battalion. A westerner, a foreigner, rough and ready, manners; God forbid; the Queens Own must be kept pure. The Brigadier, General Mercer (since killed), was also a Queens Own officer, so I was up against great odds. General Mercer was nevertheless a fine man.

In a few days after this we were sent into the trenches. I had never been in the trenches before, so the Major gave me advice on what to

do. He told me the most important thing was a trench stick, and not to forget that. Being willing always to learn, I provided myself with one.

After dark we started off towards the trenches at Fleur Beaux (Flur Bay). There was rifle and machine gun fire, here and there, all along the line, and also flares going up now and again, as far as you could see both ways. We did not lose any men going in. We were three companies in the front line trenches, and one company in the support trenches. Several hundred yards in the rear, battalion headquarters was located. Lieut. Thos. Anderson and myself shared a dugout. His batman, Private King, looked after us; he was a prince as well as a King by name; always on the job. I being a sort of camp follower and not in command of anything, had the time to myself. I got up at daylight to take in the situation. The enemy's trenches were six hundred yards away. There was a large cabbage field one hundred and twenty five yards from our trenches. It was raining off and on; there was desultory firing all along the line. The bullets came singing their mournful song overhead, or hit the parapet. Looking over the top, or in between sandbags, I was just missed by a few inches several times. The German snipers were very active. I came along to Captain Muntz's dugout, which was known as Macconnachie Lodge. He was inside; I was standing outside talking to him. There was an empty rum jar on the roof about a foot from my head. All at once aforesaid rum jar became a casualty, some of the pieces hitting me on the head. I never met the German sniper who did this job, so I don't know if he mistook me for the rum jar, or vice versa. We were very similar in one respect; we were both empty. The rum jar was suffering from the morning after the night before, and I had not yet absorbed my breakfast. But he was some shot away—at six hundred yards.

I may mention here that the German sniper is picked up from all over Germany, according to his ability as a shot, and trained as a unit in the Schutzen Battalion; and employed as an individual in the various units all along the line, but under control of his own officers. In this way, the system became pretty nearly perfect, this is what I have been told. I noticed the first day in the trenches, that they could certainly shoot Several hundred yards to our right, C. company was located under the command of Captain J. E. L. Streight, a South African veteran and a great soldier. Most of his company were only ninety yards from the enemy's trenches, the place being called Well Farm. I walked all over our 3rd Battalion front, looking things over; everything was in a bad mess. Trenches were disconnected. In order to get to C company's trenches, on the right I had to run over open ground exposed to the enemy's fire. I saw trenches paved with bully beef and cartridges thrown away everywhere. Hand grenades in these days, made up any way, were thrown about, and generally rendered useless by rain and mud. I took all this in and went over to see Colonel Rennie in the support trenches, there being no communication trenches. I got back there without being hit. This was early in the afternoon. I told him everything I had seen, and observed—about the activity of the German sniper; asking permission to go out in the cabbage field and deal with them, as I was not then sure they were not operating from there, the cabbage field being only a hundred and twenty-five yards from our trenches, and their shooting being exceptionally good. I also told him about the waste of bully beef, and cartridges, all along the trenches. He said "War is war. Waste is bound to occur." I told him I thought it was up to us who were senior officers to safeguard the interests of the country, economically or otherwise. In this respect I also

generally told the men that if they did not look after government or any other property entrusted to their care, and make it a habit of doing so, they were not likely ever to have anything of their own to look after. Later in the war a salvage corps was organized. But as to going outside the lines to examine the cabbage field in regard to putting a stop to the German sniping activity, Col. Rennie would not consider it at all. "It is too dangerous," he said. At last I had found someone who took an interest in my miserable carcass. However, I went away disgusted and got over to the front lines again, without being hit. I was furious. What an opportunity? Could I let it slide? Not much.

I made up my mind that night that I would go out and explore the cabbage field, and if the worst came to the worst, the Hun could only make Sauerkraut out of me by getting me mixed up with the cabbage, if they churned the whole cabbage field up with machine guns, when I was out there. But before I acted on my own I would see the Colonel once more, so about dusk I went back again to Battalion H.Q. to see Colonel Rennie. On arriving there I found the adjutant, Captain Lyne Evans (since shell shocked, and M.C.) I explained my idea to him. He agreed with me and said Colonel Rennie was out to meet General Alderson, G. O. C. and Brig.-Gen. Mercer. They were coming in a few minutes to inspect the front lines. General Alderson and Col. Rennie came into the dugout in a little while. The Colonel introduced me to the General (I knew him before). I at once introduced the subject of sniping, saying that I had come over there that night to continue the subject of our conversation of that afternoon, (nodding to Col. Rennie) that I considered it a shame for us as Canadians to let the German sniper have his own way. The General asked me what I proposed to do. I told him I wanted to go out in the cabbage field in No Man's Land that night and find out what was

doing; that the German snipers had made excellent shooting all day; the fact that no one was hit was just luck or (Gott Mit Uns); that in my opinion they were either shooting from the cabbage field, one hundred and twenty five yards away, or they were using telescopic sights six hundred yards away. I wanted just a small patrol, and I would find out for myself, and then I wanted to occupy the far end of the cabbage field the next day, dig a small trench or hole there, and occupy it, and put an end to the German snipers opposite. The General did not like the idea. He said "Don't you know that a Major should not snipe"? which was quite right according to the rules, regulations and traditions of the British Army. I told the Gen. there were many men who would be glad to go out with me and do the shooting; that we had many excellent shots in the Canadian Army, who were most keen on the job. Col. Rennie suggested that I go out that night and dig a hole or trench and watch all next day, if the place was shot at; if not go and occupy the next day after. I told him that when a place like that was made it must be occupied constantly to see that the enemy did not discover it with his patrols.

Finally the General and the Colonel told me that I could go, but to be very careful. I started for the front line at once before they changed their minds. Captain Muntz gave me three men, the number asked for. Two were from Toronto, and one was from my own 9th Battalion, Pte. McCaskill a cowboy from near Calgary. I told the sentries to pass word quietly along that a patrol was going out and to watch for us coming back through the same place in the wire. We then silently disappeared in the darkness into "No Man's Land".

About seventy five yards away we were challenged by a sentry, where we had a listening post of five men. We of course soon established ourselves. It was about fifty yards from this

point to the cabbage field. The five men in the Listening Post had heard or seen nothing. But I wanted to make sure that we would not run into an ambush, so I told the eight men to be ready to fire, but to stay where they were as I was going to explore the cabbage field, taking advantage of every cover. I had my automatic pistol in my hand ready for instant action. I reached the cabbages without being fired at, which was more than I expected. I then cautiously explored the ground and found no signs that any Germans had ever been there. I then stood up so that the men could see me on the skyline and made signs for my three men to come over, as the coast was clear. They soon joined me. I put two men on my right and one on my left and we proceeded very slowly towards the enemy's position, examining every inch of ground so to speak, several dead cows were laying there. I told the men to do as I did if we met the enemy's patrols. if I said "Halt" who goes there" they were all to say the same, and start to talk to the imaginary supports behind. If I started to shoot they must also open fire. If I lay down they would do the same.

Well we reached the far end of the cabbage field and found no signs of enemy patrols or listening posts or sniping posts; so by this I knew that the German snipers were using telescope sighted rifles. We had brought two shovels with us, so I started two of the men digging, and put one on guard and told them to make as little noise as possible, as we were four hundred yards from our own lines and only two hundred or less from Fritz unt Hans. I told the fellow on guard to keep a sharp look out that I was going over to see what kind of wiring they had. If any patrols came along, to hold it up, unless it should be a large patrol, in which case to lie low, and let it pass, but under no condition to start to run back. So I crept out and disappeared in the night. It was slow work as the cover was

poor, and the Huns kept shooting up "Very" lights. Every time one went up, I lay still and shut my eyes, so that I would be better able to see afterwards in the darkness. I got over to their wires, about forty yards from their trenches. I examined the wires and found that they had much more wiring than we had. I could hear them talking quite plainly, but understood no German then although I could speak a very few words that I had picked up from Germans working for me in Canada.

After a few minutes I started back again. The men had dug quite a little trench. They were beginning to get a bit nervous about me as there was more or less shooting going on from both sides. I had told our sentries when we came away, to fire a few shots now and again as usual, because if there was no firing at all, the enemy would know there was a patrol out. We left one shovel in the small trench and started for our trenches.

The listening post had nothing to report. We got into our trenches the same place where we went out. We had been gone over three hours and Capt. Muntz and the boys were beginning to worry about us. I asked Private McCaskill how he would like to go out and stay in the small trench all the next day. "Fine," he said, "Bully." I said, "All right; get me a rifle; get a day's rations; fill your water-bottle; take two hundred rounds and be ready one half-hour before dawn." "All right," said Mac, "I'll be there." So one hour before daylight, the sentry woke me up. I soon got all my things together, and McCaskill brought me a rifle; we had two hundred rounds each and we started off on the Great Adventure. I told Capt. Muntz to see that the men fired as usual, so that the enemy would not get wise as to what we were up to; that we could take care of ourselves; they need not fear hitting us.

Chapter XIV

PUTTING THEORY INTO PRACTICE

We reached our small trench well before dawn, and dug it down a little deeper, then we had breakfast. By the first daylight I wanted to try my borrowed rifle. There was a single clean sandbag (white) between all the dirty ones on the enemy's parapet. I gave McCaskill my field glasses and told him to watch the white sandbag, as I was going to target my rifle. First shot, "eighteen inches low," from McCaskel. I raised the sight and fired again. "Six inches low, sir," from McCaskill. I again raised the sight and fired. "Dead centre," from McCaskill. So I did not fire anymore just then. We were sitting awaiting developments. Pretty soon a Hun sniper got his eye on something to our rear in our own trenches; he was just going to fire. This is now several years ago, and that Hun has not fired yet; he is still there, but he met with a fatal accident, and has not been able to sit up since. It was heart failure, caused by lead poisoning and, I suppose, careless handling of firearms on our part. This was the first German I had seen. The second one, an hour later, met with the same kind of accident just as he was going to shoot. They were both trying to shoot through a hole between sandbags in the parapet; but if they knew of a "better 'ole" they should have "gone to it." We couldn't help it; we were just fooling with our rifles. And the General had solemnly told me that a Major should not snipe. Of course it would have been very interesting for me to sit there and see the German snipers deliberately taking a pot shot at my men in the rear, and come back to my own trenches at night and be told that so-and-so had been killed that day by a German sniper. I would say "yes, I saw the fellows that did the shooting." Why did I not shoot them? "Oh, no, the General told me that a Major must not snipe;

German snipers should not be killed out of season but targets should be provided for them according to rules and regulations laid down." I am afraid that I did not agree with General Alderson; besides for argument's sake, if I was killed by a German sniper, and a coroner's jury should render a verdict to this effect, "HE DIED BECAUSE HE WAS TOO SLOW TO SHOOT," I would be awfully insulted and would never forget it.

Well, we saw a few more snipers that day. They nearly all went West. About 2 p.m. there was a fellow dipping water out of their trenches and throwing it forward over the parapet. I punctured his dipper and he quit. Half an hour later, two hundred yards to the left of this place, someone was dipping water again, the same way; I punctured this one too. Someone put up a German flag on the parapet. We fired several shoots into it, when it became kind of ragged; they took it down to save the pieces. A great-coat rolled up, was lying on the top of their parapet, I shot into it four times and it was taken down. Towards evening there was smoke opposite. We fired into several sandbags, and blew them to pieces making a kind of breach in their parapet, what is commonly called sandbags, were really soft mud bags and a bullet had an explosive effect on impact. They soon put out their fire. There was a place that looked like a possible machine gun position. We fired into that a great many times and soon made a breach in their works. McCaskill remarked, "I hope they like our entertainment, sir." "Well," I said, we have been doing our best and I believe in satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded." The Huns had no idea that we were within two hundred yards of their lines, when our trenches were six hundred yards away or he would have turned his guns or machine guns on that cabbage field and made sauerkraut of the whole lot in short order, and we would have been mixed up in the

hash. But we did not stand up and wave our swords, according to old traditions.

Several times during the day, bullets came very close to us, so we took cover for a few minutes. But they were only strays. In the middle of the afternoon the artillery opened up on both sides. We were out there where the shells were passing each other with vicious screams. I remember a lark was singing overhead at the time, and I said to McCaskill, "I hope that little fellow does not stop one of those shells." He replied with a grin, "It would be a lark on that shell." We saw only seven Germans all day; out of that number four had fatal accident. Just before dark it started to rain, our better 'ole began to fill up. We were glad when darkness set in so we could gather up our belongings and make tracks for our own trenches. So ended the first day of systematic sniping from our side. The Huns did not perform any more sniping from this sector for several days.

When we arrived back there was great excitement. There had been a lot of firing all day, and a good deal of shelling both ways. The boys had more or less put us on the profit and loss account. But we were never in any particular danger. No Man's Land is the safest place in trench warfare, providing you know what to do, and it is at least two hundred yards wide. I went over to Battalion H.Q. and reported to Col. Rennie. He was highly pleased and wanted me to make a written report, which I did, commenting at the same time on our gunfire, which was very good, but suggesting that the artillery establish an observation post with a telephone out in the cabbage field. I told Col. Rennie that if the powers that be would give me carte blanche to make my own organization, etc., I would make German sniping and scouting such a joke that it would not be worth while for them to write home about. Col. Rennie agreed

with me and forwarded my report to Brigade H.Q., to be forwarded to G.H.Q.

* * * *

About this time the following letter was received by Col. Rennie from Col. Rogers, officer commanding troops at Salisbury Plain, in connection with myself. The letter speaks for itself:

Commanding Canadians, Salisbury Plain,
Portland House, Salisbury, April 7, 1915.

To:

Lt.-Col. R. Rennie, M.V.O.,
Commanding 3rd Battalion, C.E.F.,
3rd Echelon, Canadian Section,
British Expeditionary Force, France.

My Dear Colonel Rennie:

I have just had a letter from Major Anderson, late of my battalion, telling me he is with you, and not with the 16th, as I had expected; now I want to tell you my personal opinion of Major P. Anderson, who has been under me for the last eight months.

He has been for some time second in command of the 101st Regiment, Edmonton Fusiliers, and I have known him for some years in and around Edmonton. It was with the greatest possible reluctance that I permitted Anderson to go overseas and leave the 9th, as I consider him one of the best all-round field officers in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, and I don't know of a single officer in this force whom I would sooner have with me in a tight corner than Pete Anderson.

He is a born soldier, scout and fighter, has got splendid sound judgment, and is a most marvellous chap, either night or day, in his knowledge of coun-

try, and his faculty of getting around in the dark by the shortest possible route to any point.

Anderson is a good shot, level-headed, and I know if you give him a fair chance you will be surprised to find how good a man he is.

You no doubt will have noticed that Pete (as I have always called him) is somewhat rough from a social standpoint, but you and I both realize that this is no pink tea show, and therefore we can afford to overlook that side of a man's character in this war.

It would appear an injustice that Anderson should be kept in any capacity which does not carry his rank of Major, and which he has held for some time and for which he is so well qualified. Do, like a good fellow, see that he keeps his rank and pay, no matter in what job he is occupied.

Wishing you all sorts of luck and your gallant command, the Queen's Own.

I am, with sincere regards,

Yours faithfully,

(signed) MAYNARD ROGERS, Lt.-Col.,
Commanding Canadians.

* * * *

Two days after the adventure in the cabbage field we were relieved by Imperials. We marched out at night, everybody in high spirits. We had no casualties during our tour of duty in the trenches, and had put the German snipers opposite on the blink. We marched for hours. We finally came to our billets after passing through the town of Attairs. Capt. Muntz, Lieut. Hagerty and myself were billeted together in a room that the Germans had used for a stable a few months before. The Germans are great for putting their horses in parlors, but they have a marked preference for churches for their horses. It seems to suit their particular line of Kultur. The Hun is relentless;

he kills and destroys. It seems to be his religion;



Shell-tron Chatause—Shrapnell
Bursting in Air Above

sense of honor is unknown to him. In all my travels in many lands, and being the observer that I claim to be, I don't quite understand how any one can be more or less of a fighting man like the Germans are, without also being a gentleman; which many are not. The German Nation will keep faith with no one, if it turns out that it is not convenient or to their advantage to do so. Elastic sense of honor is very convenient.

I now got busy trying to organize snipers and scouts; it was an uphill job. The Brigade did not know quite what to do, as the aforesaid rules and regulations laid down did not provide for a sniping officer. One day they were going to let me start a class of brigade snipers; the next day I was just to work with the 3rd Battalion snipers only; and so on. I told Col. Rennie that I would lecture on musketry to the Battalion. He replied that there was no need for that as they knew everything about musketry (lucky battalion), at the same time asking if there was anything else that I could lecture on. I told him I could lecture on any subject in connection with infantry training. No-

thing further was said. I, however, gave lectures on musketry and protection and cover. The men were most eager; "they" did not think they knew everything about musketry. About this time there were great discussions as to the best method of getting over the enemy's wire in an attack. Some wanted to throw mattresses over the wire; others advocated ladders.

Then the difficulty of sending messages from front to rear or vice versa during an engagement, came up; telephone wires always get cut; messengers get killed; signals or wireless can be read by the enemy. Some suggested to enclose the message in a small ball and throw it in relays. I suggested bow and arrow in relays, pointing out that a good bow could shoot an arrow about two hundred yards and not many relays would be needed. However, nothing came of it. I now got permission to go ahead with my class of snipers in the 3rd Battalion, "only" to begin with. After the demonstration at Fleur Beaux, everyone was very keen on sniping, officers and all. I selected some most excellent men, adapted for this important job; about forty men in the class, all good shots. Many of them were my own 9th Battalion men, Jack Saidler of Bisley fame was one. There were lectures and demonstrations every day. We could not do any shooting, which did not matter so much, as the whole class were marksmen. I was not teaching them to shoot, but teaching them the application of their marksmanship. To see without being seen. Never to be any place where the enemy might expect them to be. Never to do anything the enemy might expect them to do. Never to develop any regular habit in sniping that the enemy would catch on to. To do everything with the most regular irregularity. After a few days the class agreed that this was the most interesting and useful piece of training which they had had since enlisting. I also told them that if a sniper fully

understood his business there was no way in which an individual could do so much for his country; that every time he got an enemy sniper, he saved a good many of his own pals' lives; and that sniping and scouting were the safest jobs in the army, if one understands them properly; if one does not understand them they are most dangerous. A good sniper or scout rarely got killed, except by accident. He is the eyes and ears of the army. I also encouraged the men to ask questions and offer suggestions during lectures or any other time. I told them I did not know everything about sniping and scouting; that it was quite possible I might learn something myself; that any good idea which anyone had the whole class would get the benefit of, by this system, and everybody was keen to get back to the trenches to practice these ideas.

We now moved in to new billets, marching about twelve miles. The Colonel offered me a horse to ride, but I declined. I wanted to harden myself, not knowing what was before us in the shape of long marches. I carried my own pack and hiked the distance. We soon got settled in our own billets. One day the Colonel sent for me. On reporting at Battalion H.Q. I found there were two telegrams for me; one from Brigade and one from G.H.Q., ordering me to report to Boulogne in two days hence to give evidence in a court-martial. Which I did.

The Colonel suggested that train connections being so bad, I had better start at once. So I got a few things together and at about dusk I held up a motor lorry. The driver told me he was going to Hazebrouck. That just suited me so he took me on. In less than two hours he landed me at the station at Hazebrouck. I went and saw the R.T.O. It turned out he was someone I knew. I said "How are chances to go to Boulogne"? He said "Bully". There is a train in half an hour. I will fix you up, old sport." He did. He then went and gave me

an introduction to the O.C.T. They made me very comfortable, got me a berth, blankets, etc. At 5 a.m. we arrived at Boulogne. I at once reported to the Town Commandant. I had over a day to spare before the Court Martial took place at 10 a.m. the following day. So I asked if I could go over to Shorncliffe that morning, and return that evening on the same boat, as my old 9th Battalion (what was left of them) were in Ross Barracks at Shorncliffe,

The Commandant shook his head and said that it was impossible; that leave to England could only be granted according to rules and regulations, and through the proper channels. I said that it was the English channel I wanted to cross. The old Colonel laughed and said I was out of luck this time. I did not think so and went and saw some other authorities with no better result.

So I went down to the boat and saw the purser. I explained my case to him. He said "I would like to take you but it is quite impossible". I told him that nothing was impossible. I had already made up my mind what to do. I said "What time does your old tub sail?" He laughed and said "In half an hour;" but he could not see what interest that would be to me. "Because I am going across with you," I replied. He said "You Canadians are a sporty lot. I will just bet you a bottle of wine that you don't go on the boat this morning." I said "Done."

I started off down the pier. He waved his hand and said "We will have that bottle of wine the next time we meet, don't forget." I went to the office of the A.M.L.O. (Assistant Military Landing Officer) saying "I am in rather a bad fix. I am down here from the front as a witness on a court martial tomorrow. I don't know what I am, or who I am" showing him the two telegrams, "I am 9th Battalion and also 3rd Battalion; now my old 9th battalion

is ovre at Shorncliffe so I don't see what better I can do than go over there this morning and have this mess straightened out "Yes" he said, "I should strongly advise you to do that. We will give you transportation." Calling to a clerk, he said "Make out a return free warrant for Major Anderson to Shorncliffe." It was duly signed and stamped according to the most up to date rules and regulation laid down to govern such cases, and handed to me, I thanked them very much and proceeded down to the boat, I had yet fifteen minutes to spare.

As I came near the boat, the purser was standing on board with a broad grin on, saying "Hello old sport, I suppose you will be on leave in a few weeks, be sure and get this boat. I am very fond of Burgundy." He turned away to attend to some business, or other, and I showed my warrant to the embarkation people at the gangway and walked on board. In a few minutes, just before the boat was pulling out, I came face to face with the purser. He looked at me in surprise and said, "You better hurry and get ashore. We are just pulling out." I said "nothing doing, I am also very fond of Burgundy and may not be able to catch your old boat next time." "You don't mean to say you are going over with us," he said? "Yes, certainly," I replied "there is nothing impossible, I told you that over half an hour ago." He said "well how did you wangle it." I told him and showed him the two telegrams. He laughed to kill himself and said, "This is great, you Canadians are the limit" As to the Bottle of Burgundy, enough said.

We landed at Folkston in due time, and I went up town to get a bus for Shorncliffe, arriving at Ross Barracks, when everybody was at lunch in the Mess. They all started to ask questions at the same time. They had heard about my exploits in the cabbage field and wanted to know all about it. This was the beginning—at least as far as the Canadians were concerned—and much fuss was made

over little things. After the meal and all the hand-shaking was over I went out to the Orderly Room with Colonel Clegg. I asked for two sheets of paper, and the 9th Battalion stamp. I stamped the two sheets. Colonel Clegg and the Adjutant wanted to know what they were for. "Not for anything I hope," was my reply, "But when you are seeing me on board ship there may arrive difficulties about me getting on board, you as O.C. of the 9th Battalion can always put the right kind of dope on these sheets and then sign the same, when the Battalion stamp is on, according to rules and regulations. The old Colonel laughed and off we went towards the pier, after first having said au revoir to my old officers and pals who lamented that they were condemned to stay in England. I told them that every dog has its day; just to be a little patient. Captain, now Major MacInnis, caught up to us at the pier. I at once tackled the A.M.L.O. (an old Scottish Colonel) at the landing place, handing him out just the right kind of stuff; showing him my return ticket and telling him that I was Scotch on my wife's side. He said that Anderson was quite Scotch anyway, handing me a debarkation card for Boulogne, and wishing me God-speed. Col. Clegg and Capt. MacInnis did not go on board with me as it was near sailing time, and they had said they could get a drink just as well at the Pavilion Hotel close by. They stood on the pier and looked at me with envy. "Wasn't I going to fight the Huns?" They waved their hands; we were off. I did not think that I would see the inside of a German prison camp, and very many other unpleasant things, before I next saw their smiling faces.

The purser saw me and came and spoke to me, saying, "You villain, have you been hatching any more schemes to do a poor sailorman out of his hard earned burgundy." I told him to follow me down to the saloon. He said that he did not mean

anything like that. I said that I did. "Well," he said "I will introduce you to the Chief Steward, he is a great sportsman; very fond of shooting, one can never tell what may turn up." The Chief Steward was delighted to meet me when he heard that I was a big and small game hunter from Western Canada. And when I handed him the right kind of conversation according to rules and regulations laid down for just such cases, and told him that his was the nicest kept saloon that I had seen in all my travels, he fell for the aforesaid conversation, and loosened up, saying. "What is your pleasure, Gentlemen?" I replied, The purser is very fond of Burgundy, and I don't mind." As he turned round to get the "necessary," the Purser gave me a vicious dig in the ribs, and whispered with a sly wink, "I am not the only sucker on this boat. Wasn't he easy?" When we landed in Boulogne, we parted very reluctantly, having pledged one another life long friendship. I saw him from time to time the next few years and we had many a laugh over the incident.

So this was my first leave to England "without leave" I called at Military H. Q. at Boulogne, and there was a wire for me granting me two days leave to London, after the Court Martial was over, I having wired Canadian H.Q. in the morning asking for same. They asked me at H. Q. how I had put in the day. I told them that I had just been out in a boat in the English Channel. Which was the truth.

The next morning at 10 o'clock, I reported to the Court. It was an Imperial Major who was being courtmartialled. I had met him at Bolougne some weeks before. He was a most interesting and efficient officer, and had travelled all over the world. The charge was very much trumped up according to rules and regulations laid down. The most serious thing against the accused seemed to be that his Colonel and his Adjutant did not like him.

In my judgment he was to efficient for them, and they took this means of getting rid of him. SO I WAS NOT THE ONLY MAJOR WHO WAS NOT WANTED BY HIS UNIT. I saw him two years later at Shorncliffe with his rank back, having joined the Canadians as a Sergeant, after the Court Martial. He was an expert Machine Gun man and an acquisition to the Canadian Army.

The same P.M. when the Court Martial was over I took the afternoon boat to Folkestone, and boat train to London, where I spent two days, arranging some things in the Bank of Montreal and buying some necessaries in the Army and Navy Stores. I started back for the front in due time. This was the 15th of April. The orchards through Kent were in full bloom and most beautiful.

I arrived back at my billet at the front without any incident worth mentioning. I reported at Battalion Headquarters, after arriving back, and next day I was told that there was a report that a spy system was being worked in relays between Watoo, Belgium, and Steinvorde, France, Four miles apart, and asked if I would go and look it up. I said "certainly." So the Brigade Interpreter, being a Belgian by birth but Canadian by adoption (from Saskatchewan) ten men of my sniping class, and myself started off after dark. We occupied two farms where these people were supposed to meet outside of same, and laid low. The next night I sent six men back. We did not allow anyone but soldiers to leave these farms. We watched all suspicious characters and I got two men from Major Kelly's company (4th Battalion) since killed, who were born in France. I got civilian clothes for them, and sent them out amongst the local people with a plausible story. They soon got picked up by their pals, the Canadian soldiers, and it was reported to me that some spies had been caught. Some 4th Battalion men off duty had grabbed them. So I went and saw them and told

these boys that it was very clever for them to have grabbed these dangerous miscreants; that I would take them off their hands. They asked me if they would be shot. I replied, "certainly." I asked them where they belonged. They told me Major Kelly's company, 4th Battalion. This was interesting. The two boys in mufti played their parts well, so I took them with me out of sight, and turned them loose again in another direction. The next day three staff officers came riding in broad daylight to where I was, and wanted to know how I was getting on. I was pretty sore and told them I would get on much better without them. It was most aggravating, after we had kept indoors so as to not attract attention. The brass hats came and spilled the whole business. The people, whoever they were, who were in the habit of meeting outside these farm houses, did not turn up any more after this exhibition. Next day I took a look round the landscape with the interpreter. I saw a long string of home-made linen laid out to bleach in the shape of an arrow pointing towards one of our big guns. We kicked it about a bit, and told the people to lay it on the other side of the house in a square. Further along the road a farmer was ploughing. He had a large white horse and an eighteen-inch red sash around his waist and his ploughing was most irregular. We asked him if he had more horses. He replied with pride, "Yes, two more, just as big as this one; one black and one brown." We told him to go home and get the black one and leave that wide red sash at home, and do his ploughing more regular. Very reluctantly he did. There was a windmill that I had taken notice of several days before. It would run for a while, then stop; sometimes for only a few minutes at a time. We went over and told the miller, that his mill must run all the time or not at all. This country, Belgium in particular, was honey-combed with spies. We were being shot at from

the rear from time to time. Several spies were caught and shot.

Chapter XV

SNIPING CLASS

The next day we found that the Brigade was moving so we pulled out also, going into billets near Poperhinge. Here we started the sniping school again. On the 20th of April we received orders to proceed to Vlamertinge, three miles from Ypres. I took my class a round about way to show them how to get on through field, forest, etc., marching by maps and compasses. We arrived at Vlamertinge in the afternoon. At the billets allotted to us the people were openly hostile. I was down town later and met the Provost Marshal. I knew him before. He asked me where I was going to stay, as he knew of six nice bedrooms in town. I did not think any more about this until I got back to my billet. Everybody was wondering where they were going to sleep, not wanting to go into the house with these pro Germans. I mentioned about the six bedrooms, so the officers went down town to sleep; all but Lieut. Bart. Rogers, B Company (since Lieut. Col. D.S.O., 3rd Battn.). This officer made the 3rd Battn. one of the best Canadian battalions in France. I had a small two-man tent; Lieut. Rogers and myself slept there as we did not think it wise to be away from the men when so near the enemy.

Next morning I took the class for extensive observation marches, with orders to parade again at the church at 2:30 p.m. This was on April 22nd. The great battle of Ypres was being born. We did not parade at 2:30. There was heavy gun fire from the direction of Ypres; enemy aeroplanes were signalling overhead; the gunfire increased in volume. Soon the refugees began to arrive from

Ypres. It was a sight never to be forgotten; old and young; rich and poor; sick, cripples, etc., carrying and dragging the few belongings they could take with them in their hurried flight; misery truly personified; my blood boils when I think of it; the beast of a Hun. The French artillery began to come back and some Turkomen, black Colonial French Infantry. They said that the Germans had broken through our lines at Langemark and vicinity and were coming on. I thought that these troops and guns should have been rallied and organized to make a stand. But nobody took any action. Confusion reigned supreme. I went over to Brigade Head Q. and offered to go forward with my snipers and scouts look up the situation and make contact with the enemy as all organisation seemed to have ceased to exist. I told them that when we came to go into action, I would have the new situation sized up, and the Brigade would have my report as to existing conditions and could take action accordingly. The staff officers admitted that my argument was sound but remarked, "How do you know we are going into action?" I was out of patience and remarked that any damn fool must know that we must go into action. So they said, "Go back to the 3rd Battalion and stand to at Battalion H.Q. so we will know where to find you when we want you." I said, "All right." This was about 5 p.m., April 22, 1915, and I have not heard from them to date. The red tape had to get in its work in the rules and regulations laid down for just such cases, which must be looked up to and adhered to, to the letter.

Now in the meantime the Germans were coming on, on, on. It was heart-rending to stand there wasting so much valuable time when there was so much to do. Of course the Germans were no doubt to blame. They had no business to take action, before our rules and regulations laid down

could be complied with. After many hours wasted, and it was now dark, the order came to move. We got started. We had only just got out of town when it was discovered that one of our companies was missing. The Colonel wanted to know if I thought I could find it. I said, "Certainly; let me see your route on the map." He showed me but did not tell me our objective. So back I went on the run. I soon located the missing company and brought it forward until we caught up with the rest of the battalion. I reported all present and correct according to rules and regulations laid down. The Colonel was pleased. Shortly after this the column was halted. We were told that we were on the wrong road . . . Consternation! I saw some officers trying to read a map upside down (with an electric torch). I found Colonel Rennie and told him I could not get lost if I tried. If he would give me the objective I would soon straighten out matters, as darkness did not matter. I could get no satisfaction. I wanted the Brigade to send my scouts and myself out in the afternoon just to prevent such a predicament and muddle; and I was now supposed to be Brigade Scout and Sniping Officer. Why was I not given details as to our objective? Finally after quite a time, a staff officer came and said, "This way," and we marched slowly on and were promptly lost again. After a bit we came to the Yser Canal, which we crossed on a pontoon bridge. We left our battalion transports in a large farm before we crossed the canal. A few shells now came screaming through the night exploding here and there, some fell in the canal with a hiss. Something struck me about artillery formation when going into action; but no one in command seemed to think about that. Going into action in fours is grand tactics—I don't think. We marched on and as yet had no casualties. We saw dead horses beside the road, and a few divisional cavalry riding along the road—19th Al-

berta Dragoons. We were now within rifle range of the enemy but still in fours. Pretty soon a heavy rifle fire was opened up on us from the left. We were marching parallel with the enemy's position. I rushed to the middle of the road between the fours and parted each into two's in the ditch. "Right and left, quick," I shouted. Just in time, before the hailstorm broke loose in all its fury. Bullets hissed and spat on the metal road. It lasted for fifteen minutes and we were right in the centre of it; then it ceased. I could not find the Colonel, second in command, or the adjutant, so I ordered the men to fall in, in fours again. I called out, "Any casualties," as I went along the column. There was one—one of my own 9th Battn. men. I looked him over; he came to; heart weak. The next day this same man had another heart attack and did not rally. This heavy fire was not directed on us but the 10th and 16th Battns. who attacked the enemy—went right through them in fact; a most gallant charge. We were right in their rear, about a thousand yards and received a lot of attention intended for them. We got in the ditch just in the nick of time, or we would have had many casualties in this close formation, judging by the music in the air. I ran up to the head of the column and I met the Colonel coming back from the line of block houses. He said that we had now less than two hundred yards to go. Just as we reached a series of mud huts several shells came over and struck the metal road where we had just passed and killed nearly all our machine gun section; Captain McDonald, machine gun officer included. He was one of the best and we felt his loss very keenly. So much for going into action in fours. A and B Company occupied the block houses on the left of the road, and C and D Company were told to dig-in on the right side of same road. We were now in about the centre of the famous Ypres salient. I now went and saw the

Colonel and wanted to know if there was anything he wanted me to do, saying that I would do anything. He then suggested that I go out on the left flank and find out what and who were there. I started at once. At the end of the block houses there was located a small farm house. I went in and found two Algerian black French soldiers; one was badly wounded. The poor inhabitants had evidently fled in great haste as there was new baked bread not yet cold, also plenty of cheese. I could not talk to these black soldiers, so I went cautiously on my errand. I did not take any of the men, as I wanted them to have all the rest possible for the morrow. About 600 yards from the 3rd Battalion left flank I saw men on the sky-line. I crept close up with my pistol in my hand. I soon got close enough to hear them talk. It was English so I crept right in amongst them. I asked them who they were. They were the 14th Battn.

They told me that the enemy was nearly a mile in front of them. They were busy digging and making the position secure. It was a young officer that I was mostly talking to, so I asked him why he told me all this. He said, "Because you are a senior officer, sir." "Yes; do you know me?" "No," he said. "Do you know where I come from?" "No," he replied. "Well," I said, "do you mean to tell me that anyone can come here without being seen and then you don't know him and tell him everything he wants to know? Never tell a stranger anything. I came from your rear but I got into your lines without being challenged." Then I told him who I was, and also that we were about six hundred yards away, giving him the direction so that if anything happened in the night he would know where to send for aid; also that he had better send a few men back with me so that they could find us easily. He did this and we started off. On arriving at the 3rd Battalion's left flank, I let the 14th Battalion men have a little rest, and a smoke

with our men and sent them back. I then went and reported to Colonel Rennie that I had made contact with the 14th Battalion. He was very pleased. I told him everything in detail and asked him if there was anything else I could do. He said "You can go forward and see what connection you can make there, but take someone with you." I did not do this as I wanted the men to have a rest, and there is much less noise when I am alone. I have lost many a moose or big buck because of the other fellow being with me. I proceeded forward, came through some wire and heard a noise ahead. I stalked the sound carefully with my pistol ready. I crept up close and could see a field gun. Soon I heard voices—"English?" So I said, "Canadian Officers don't shoot." I went over and talked to the gunners. They had a big pile of empty cases the Germans had the previous day, being within two hundred yards of them but they had given them an awful doing; a silent witness was the pile of empty cases. I told them I was going forward. They did not know if there were any of our troops forward but they thought that there were. I said I would soon find out, and to look out for me coming back. I proceeded along further on the St. Julien road. At this point to my left about one thousand yards, I found we had no front line at all. This is where the 3rd Battalion should have occupied and dug in during the night. Within a few hundred yards, I heard something ahead. I listened and soon saw three men on the sky-line; only three with my ever-ready automatic pistol. I laid low. Would they never come? Soon they came close . . . I could hear them talking English. One of them was wounded hence their slow progress. When a few feet away I called, "Canadian Officers, don't shoot." They were Second Buffs, —Imperials. They had had a great fight the previous day. They had a couple of German rifles with saw bayonets, also German helmets.

I now went further ahead and found the 13th Battalion in St. Julien and they told me that on their left was an open space of about one thousand yards, beyond that the 16th Battalion. The heavy firing heard earlier in the night was the 16th and 10th Battalions attacking the Germans. This was a most gallant charge. These two Battalions went right through the Germans but had to come back as their flanks were in the air. They suffered heavy casualties. This was where Colonel Boyle, 10th Battalion, received wounds from which he died.

I went back and reported to Colonel Rennie and tried to have a rest. I woke up at break of day. There were quite a lot of coal boxes, and whizbangs coming over. C and D Companies were just going over the top en masse. Captain Ryerson of D Company fell here. We had several other casualties. The two companies advanced against a heavy fire. It was now daylight.

They were to fill in the gap of about one thousand yards, two hundred yards of which had been filled in by a company of the 2nd Battalion, that left about eight hundred yards for C and D Companies to cover. They eventually got there after suffering heavy casualties. C Company lost very heavily. They then proceeded to dig in under fire. D Company had more or less cover, hence less losses. Owing to the heavy casualties of C Company they were not able to extend sufficient to link up with the 13th Battalion at St. Julien. So Colonel Loomis (since Major-General D.S.O.), sent a small command out on his left. The position was now consolidated in a kind of way. Why this position was not taken up in the night, when there would have been little or no casualties and would have saved the men from digging in twice, can no doubt be explained by reference to rules and regulations laid down. Captains Streight and Morton brought up their boys and occupied positions

under fire. Then an order came to attack a part of the German lines. Captains Streight and Morton explained that it was not practical—in fact impossible. But orders are orders according to rules and regulations; it was carried out and every man in the party killed including two splendid young officers—Lieuts. Kirkpatrick and Jarvis. Then Capt. Streight called a halt and reported back what he had done. Why did he not stop it sooner? he was asked. Well, it only lasted a few minutes, and himself and Captain Morton wanted to stop it before it started, but nothing doing.

It is a great pity that Senior Officers are not held responsible for their acts. While this tragedd was being enacted another one was going on near our mud houses.

A Major of the 2nd Buffs came up to the road alone, armed with stick and gloves, as laid down in rules and regulations. He passed us and went in behind us passing to our left. I saw him come back, thinking nothing of it. In a short time he returned on the same ground leading his company in fours. As he passed the end of our block house line I called out to him, "Don't go out there; you will get all your men killed." The firing was not heavy then. He paid no attention. Some of his men told me later that they had heard me quite plain. They had not proceeded very far when one man went down. They turned the corner, another one went down. Then their ammunition mules got hit, and the men in charge of them fell. The enemy had now got the range, and the firing became very heavy; the poor fellows were falling in heaps. Did the rest break and run for it? Not them. Those who were left stepped over the dead and wounded and kept in their places. Then after a time the fool of a Major got wounded and fell. The procession of Death went on heading evidently for the part of the line where I had seen the 14th Battalion in the night. I stood there

grinding my teeth, telling my men to keep under cover; as being in support we could not reply to their hellish fire.

This was the third time inside a few hours I had seen men go into action in close formation of fours and getting killed for nothing, foolhardy brainless officers. Our men are the biggest asset we have got and it is up to us not to sacrifice them in a spectacular show or any other fool thing. If those men had been sent in two's and three's or followed our line of block houses they would perhaps have had no casualties at all.

Chapter XVI

THE GALLANT M.O. OFFICER AND O.R. 3rd BATTALION

We now got busy gathering up the wounded. There was Captain Muntz, Lieuts. Thos. Anderson, McCormick, Capt. Hayward our indomitable M.O. and other officers and men of the Canadian 3rd Battalion carrying stretchers under fire. The fire was not so heavy now. Dr. Hayward worked like a trojan. He was later a Major and received the M.C. for his gallant action here. Some were taken to a farm in our rear, others to the mud block houses. Shortly after we had got this awful mess cleaned up, we got orders to move forward. It was very satisfactory to us, as sitting there and getting shot at without being able to reply was monotonous in the extreme. We soon got to Brigade Headquarters of General Turner, V.C. 3rd Brigade, under whose command we were for the time. We had no casualties going up as we went in any old way—not in fours. We got in the yard of a large farm and were still in support. There was more or less shell and rifle fire and a few casualties arriving. I was getting tired of this inactivity so I went to Colonel Rennie and asked for permission to go forward, he said I could. Just then there was a party of 20 men going out to C and D Companies

with 10,000 rounds of ammunition, so Colonel Renne asked me if I would take them out. Of course I said, "Certainly," and we started for the front line. But first I picked up a rifle and a couple of bandoliers of ammunition.

There was no heavy firing now. Following depressions in the ground and taking advantage of every cover, we eventually arrived at the front line in front of the woods of St. Julien, without any casualties. There was a wounded German lying there. I saw Major Arthur, D.S.O., from Calgary, 10th Battn., sitting there under a tree. He was wounded (not badly). We sat there for a while, he told me of the attack the previous night. The German bullets were cutting branches off the tree over our heads. He asked me where I was going. I told him I was going out there, (pointing to a house about sixty yds. ahead of our trenches), to see if I could stop some of that sniping. He said that he would not advise me to go out there, as I would never come back. I, however, ran and crept and got out there all right. Two dead German horses were lying outside, and a machine gun officer, 2nd Battalion, six men, one German officer and one German private (both wounded and prisoners), and officer's charger, intact. I looked out of some loopholes in the front wall and saw Germans wandering leisurely backwards and forwards between a house, and the end of the woods six hundred yards away. I asked this officer why he did not fire on them. He said that it would give his position away. I told him that the enemy was quite aware that we occupied this house, but there was no need to fire his machine gun unless they were in large numbers. There were about eight to ten in sight at the time. So I fired ten shots or so and three men dropped. That stopped the traffic. I told the officers to let one or two of his best shots fire if any more came accross the opening.

I now made a run back to the trenches. There

were dead men everywhere. There was a dead German lying on the edge of the trenches, his rifle and ammunition was there, so I took his rifle and fired off all his ammunition. There were no good targets in sight, but then the ammunition cost us nothing and I can safely say that this was the only time that I ever fired at random during the War. I passed on to the right and came to the 2nd Battalion men. When I came to a turn in the trenches Captain Morton, D Company, 3rd Battalion, was lying there wounded in the leg. I wanted to know if there was anything I could do for him. He said, "No," so I passed on to his Company further on. It was yet early in the morning. Considerable shelling was going on; enemy's aeroplane overhead being shot at, a little sniping here and there. Right in front of the junction between C and D Companies, three hundred yards away was a house occupied by the Germans. After looking over the situation for a while I went out 100 yards in front to another house occupied by us, with a machine gun and twelve men, 2nd Battalion. I went upstairs. One of the men had been killed there. The tile were gradually being shot off the roof by rifle fire. The German trenches were about one hundred and seventy-five yards away. They were busy working. We fired at them, could see no result, but we interfered considerably with their work. After an hour or so I returned to the trenches and went over to the first house again. There had been no traffic of Germans across the Front at the end of the woods. I went over to where the 16th Battalion was, three hundred yards to the left. I saw an officer and asked him for five men to go out in the woods and see what was going on. He said, "All right." So I called for volunteers. "Who wants to go?" They all wanted to go. I selected five close to me and we started off. I had three on my right and two on my left with orders to proceed very cautiously and keep

in sight of each other. There were no leaves on the trees as yet. If we were fired on, to fire back and shout orders and call for the machine guns to be brought up. We reached the far end of the woods, seeing no one, only a great number of pools of blood where the enemy had carried away their dead and wounded. As we only reached half way across the woods, we turned around and searched the other half on our return. We had got back to within two hundred yards of our lines when, lo and behold we were cut off! Sixty or seventy Germans between us and our lines and they were still coming out of a thicket seventy-five yards in front and to the right of us. I called softly to the three men on my right to "come here quick, double and stoop down." They soon reached me. I told them to run to the left and pick up the other two men. "All of you run straight ahead about one hundred yards, then turn sharp to your right and run into our lines where we came out," and I further said, "This is my final order. It does not matter what I do or say after this; pay no attention whatever." They said, "all right, sir," and off they went. I then stood up on a slight raise in the ground, so that I was easily seen by the Germans above the underbrush, and in a very excited manner began to give orders to any number of troops. "Cut them off there, men; fix your bayonets and be ready to charge when ordered. Don't shoot without orders; all you fellows behind keep down until you are told to move." The Germans looked at me with open mouths. Some said, "Gott in Himmel." They turned to run back to where they came from, some lost their helmets, some their rifles, fell over one another, and confusion reigned. It was the most comical sight I have ever seen.

This was done much quicker than one can tell it, and in a minute I had caught up with my men. They were very reluctant to have left me in the lurch alone so I laughingly told them what had

happened which they could partly see and hear, and we all came back to the 16th Battalion lines with a grin on. The officers wanted to know what the joke was. I told him, and he laughed fit to kill himself. You see we could not shoot at those Germans as we would be shooting into our own lines behind; the same with them, so I did not run any particular risk by standing up and bluffing them. I now went back along the trench to the 3rd Battalion or rather our two Companies. It was getting dark and I was gathering up about fifteen of my trained snipers and scouts to go over and rush the house occupied by the Germans and set fire to it, but the Major wanted the men to bury the dead. I told him that to look after the wounded would be more sense. He said that was what he meant. My snipers and scouts were disgusted, so was I. We had quite a number of wounded, and were also short of rations, so I decided to go back to brigade headquarters and arrange for stretcher bearers and rations. I easily found headquarters in the dark and was held up by a sentry half way. I asked for Colonel Rennie. He was there all alone, his other two companies were on the left. There were a lot of wounded and Dr. Hayward was very busy. I asked the Colonel to have stretcher bearers sent out with rations and bring the wounded back, saying I would guide them out as otherwise they might run into the German lines. The Colonel wanted me to stay with him. I did not want to, and said, "I can't do any good here, but if you order me to stay I will of course." I told him what I had seen that day and offered certain suggestions as to changing the position at the front as some parts were untenable, having been built by the Germans for themselves without any regard to our requirements, and asked to see the General, and explain the necessity of making some changes. He would not let me see the General. So I started off with a very small party

back to the trenches. The German flares were now going up quite frequently, and we soon reached the two companies. It was decided to dig another trench further forward. This was the third time these men had been made to dig in, in twenty-four hours, whereas they should only have been made to dig in once; the one that they were just now going to dig. Then I have heard so often how officers can't understand what makes men so dissatisfied at times, because the rank and file of today are no fools. They saw that they were being sacrificed for officers' blunders.

I now sat down in the trench and tried to sleep with more or less success. The enemy's flares were active showing that they were very nervous. The new trench was now dug, such as it was, very few tools except the regular intrenching tool that every man carried.

I now took a walk towards St. Julien. I found a few rifle pits, or short shallow trenches. I proceeded cautiously through what was known as the mustard field. I heard voices and listened. It was English; the 13th Battalion men just out to the left of St. Julien. I returned back to C and D Companies of the 3rd Battalion. There were eight hundred yards between the third and thirteenth battalions not occupied. It was now getting daylight. Many dead men were lying about, very few had been buried in the night. Now the German heavies opened up in salvos of fours. What little that was left of St. Julien gradually disappeared. Shells fell here and there along the trenches and all over the mustard field. I got the boys busy digging their trenches deeper, and their traverse further back as some of the enemy's batteries were enfilading our position. Two C Company men, father and son by the name of Green, dug in a traverse for the three of us, I having lost my entrenching tool in the night. I took observations with my glasses and told the boys to lay down when the

coal boxes came over. Did I lie down myself? Oh, yes. As soon as the mud clods had settled we started in again. The shell fire was now quite heavy from nearly every angle. Both our own and German shells came from our rear. Some of our own fell short. I sent messages back repeatedly but they evidently did not reach judging by the results. How could we tell the difference between our shells and theirs? Simply because they were firing high explosives. Our gunners were firing shrapnel. As a whole our own guns did excellent work but they were greatly outnumbered. The enemy's rifle and machine gun fire was playing on our low parapet now and again; we had no machine guns. The two on our left were operated by the 2nd Battalion, no hand grenades, or no gas masks in those days, just the unspeakable Ross rifle.

Now the enemy became more active. They started to run across our front in parties of from two to fifteen, from three hundred to nine hundred yards away. As there was too much useless firing at these long ranges I passed word down the line, "Let no one fire but snipers and experts. Use your own judgment as to who are the experts. Save your ammunition for when they attack." As the order was passing along the line, the volume of fire ceased, and we killed at least as many Germans after that as before and saved a great deal of ammunition. The Canadians had been accused of lack of discipline. I consider this the very highest form of fire discipline.

I had now all the ranges located. Any time a party of Germans appeared to pass the open field in front, I called out the range from three to nine hundred yards. We took a heavy toll of them but many got across. Once a party of about fifteen started to run across from the house on our left front, three hundred yards away; none of them got over fifty yards away; most of them are still

there. What few were left ran or crept back to the house. I had cautioned the men not to fire more than one or two shots at any one time, but duck down and step a foot or two to one side or the other, and shoot again, that is provided there were any targets in sight, so that any one man would never present a continuous target to the enemy's snipers and machine gunners who were right opposite and very active. Away many hundred yards to our right front, quite a heavy body of enemy's troops appeared. We at once brought our fire to bear on them. Just then an order came from the left—"Cease fire, those are French Infantry." I had already noticed through my field glasses that they were Germans, wearing old French helmets. I suppose everything is fair in love and war, so I at once countermanded the order. It was coupled with the name of Captain Collin, 2nd Battalion. He had previously been killed. I passed word back, "Cease fire—nothing. Those are Germans with French hats, Major Anderson," and fire was resumed at once. I also knew that it was impossible for any French Soldiers to be at that point. We did not inflict any very heavy casualties on this advance, the range being so long, but we checked them and made them take cover. They were heading for the eight hundred yard gap between us and the 13th Battalion. Several hundred yards to our left the woods of St. Julien came right up to our trenches. This is where some Germans must have crept in and sent this order to cease fire; supposed to have come from Captain Collin. I always cautioned all ranks not to shout anybody's name, rank or unit in the front line trenches; just to prevent the enemy making use of it.

I sent several messages back to Colonel Rennie but don't know if they ever reached him. I was trying to locate a machine gun opposite, that was harrassing us a great deal. A D Company man, standing right against me, had just emptied his.

rifle and was trying to open his bolt (stuck as usual — Ross rifle), when three machine gun bullets got him in the arm. I said to the next two men "Look after him, will you?" I emptied my magazine, took cover to load, when looking down I saw that the three bullets had passed right through his body as well; another brave man gone West. So I told the two men not to mind him just now. In a few minutes another one died about ten feet to my left, trying to draw the bolt on his Ross rifle by putting the stock on the ground and a foot on the bolt. Many a good man was killed the same way that day, forgetting that the parapet was so low. The Ross Rifle Company got the money; our brave men died for the aforesaid company's folly and greed. It was hell to look at. Then some people have said to me, "However can you kill a German so unconcerned? Don't you feel queer about it? It seems to be an awful thing to talk about." Well, what do you think you would feel like to have your good men fall around you? I know that I felt like killing the whole German army if such were possible. Do the same to the enemy as he is trying to do to you, but do it first.

The German machine gun kept traversing up and down the parapet, throwing dirt in our faces from time to time, getting a victim now and again. I had been searching the cover opposite with my field glasses, without result. The house opposite had three openings in the gable upstairs, about one foot wide and four feet high, each. I handed my field glasses to the man on my left and told him to focus it to this vision and look at the centre hole in the gable of the house next time the splutter of machine gun bullets had passed us. I said, "I am going to shoot into it (the next time the r - - - rs passed). Quick!" And I fired into it twice. "Well," I said, "What?" "You never hit it at all," he replied. I said that I did not expect to hit it.

when there was a foot space to miss it in. Three hundred yards is quite an easy range for a foot space. Anyhow, the machine gun never spoke again. The house was located twenty-five yards ahead of their trenches. They could not easily get another gun in there in the daytime. There was a German wagon transport crossing our front from right to left in the opposite direction that their troops were crossing. It was about one thousand yards range and a few of us opened up. We must have got the range pretty well as confusion reigned from the first shots. Horses reared and plunged and everything got tangled up in an awful mess. Could not ascertain the extent of the damage done as the range was long, brush and a hedge in front, but no more transports appeared on that road all day.

Some Germans were shooting from the ruins of a house about four hundred yards to our right front. I got a couple of men and we all fired a few times into them. I don't know if we got any, but they scurried out like rabbits and went to the right and disappeared. There appeared to be a depression in the ground just beyond and forward of Capt. Streight's right flank. Although we took a heavy toll of those Germans who crossed our front many disappeared there. so I said to some of the men that I was afraid that they were collecting there to attack Captain Streight's right flank, and that I was going out in No Man's Land and see what became of them. The men objected, saying, "Don't go out there, sir; it is too dangerous." I said that is just the reason why I don't send any of you; while many of you can shoot as well, or better than I can, none of you can take cover like I can, having been a big game hunter all my life, and I don't consider it dangerous for me." So I made a bolt for it for ten yards or so, and laid down having already looked up where I was going to lay down next time; either a shell hole or any

depression in the ground in the direction to suit me. In seven or eight short rushes I got over to the house occupied by a machine gun, and two officers, one officer (since killed) and about twelve men, all 2nd Battalion. As I reached the house I looked to my right, down a bit of a ravine. There three hundred yards away stood about six hundred Germans packed like sardines. An officer was standing in front of them with drawn sword evidently giving them a speech about "Der Tag" and "Das Groze Waterland." I got hold of the machine gun officer, and gave him my opinion about himself in a manner that he could not fail to understand. He said his front was not where those Germans were, and he had no machine gun position, where he could fire on them. He was of course later employed in England as an expert machine gun instructor. I got hold of the twelve men who were wandering around aimlessly and told them to run over about fifty yards to a low brick foundation, take cover and open rapid fire, and to be sure and not shoot too high. While these twelve men were getting into position, I took cover where I was and fired fifteen shots into the mass of Huns, but only twenty-two dropped. Perhaps they were wedged in so tight that some could not drop. The officer went with the first instalment. Now the twelve men got busy, and they made an awful mess of those Huns at that short range. This saved our right flank for the time being. The machine gun never got into action. Strange to say not a shot was fired back at us from this mob. I expect that even then the woods of St. Julien were full of German troops who would be in line of their fire. There was a trench running from close to this house towards the woods of St. Julien joining up with our other trench systems. This formed a square with trenches on three sides where I ran over to the house, in the first place, being the open side. I went down the trench looking for Cap-

tain Collins to see about that message of his. I was pretty well satisfied it was bogus. I found he had been killed. I looked for the Major. I finally found him at the junction of our reserve and front trench, sitting in the reserve trench. Just as I came there was a very heavy fire and shells coming over and many Germans crossing in front of us again so I got busy. One of my snipers located ten feet on my left, got two Huns hand running at nine hundred yards. Fifteen minutes later I got two at eight hundred yards. We got a lot between four and five hundred yards. The Major kept calling to me to come and sit with him in the reserve trench as he was afraid I would get hit. But I was too busy; I had forgotten all about General Alderson telling me that a Major should not snipe. I was here using two rifles and they both got heated; useless, so I had to open the bolt with my foot. The Major had a machine gun with him from the house in the edge of the woods of St. Julien. After a few minutes the fire got intense. The Major told me that he had orders to retire. "Madness," I replied. "We will lose every man retiring over the open. When did you get that order?" "Over half an hour ago," was the reply. It could have been done then but many things happen in half an hour in modern warfare, and it had now become impossible. So he took the machine gun and ill-fated crew with him, and ran along the trench for his headquarters, about two hundred and fifty yards away. As he ran he said to me, "You take the men back over the mustard field. Retire them by sections the same as is laid down in the drill book." I looked after him, and saw that the trench was vacant. The 2nd Battalion had pulled out. A fine mess. So I gave orders (verbal—no time to write) for the men in the front line to file out, follow along the line of trenches; stand fast, and face outwards for the men in the reserved trench to follow; the last

file from the front trench, and then their last file reached where I was standing at the junction; to stand fast and block the two trenches out of hand grenade range and thus occupy the three sides of the trench square. I made the nearest man in each trench, repeat the order and said, "pass it on quick. I then ran up the deserted trench to see if the coast was clear. I reached the corner where the Major had his headquarters. He had a machine gun mounted in front without any cover for the men. He was down in the big hole with the elm log over, telling them what to do. On seeing me, he said, "We will all get killed; it is all over." I replied, "Not much. We are just going to start to fight." I told him what orders I had given to his men to occupy the three sides of the square and fight it out. At dark we could retire or otherwise, according to the then existing conditions. Just then I noticed about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty 2nd Battalion men lying outside the square in a depression in the ground about forty yards in rear of the trench they had just left, and I said to the Major, "We will get those men out there to come in and help defend the position." He could not see them from where he was. He first said, "That is the only thing to do." Then something struck him, and he said, "You had better take those men and occupy the hedge in the rear and cover our retreat." I said, "It is impossible because the Devil himself cannot live in that fire." I saw an odd man trying to escape to the rear and get killed as regular as clockwork. "Besides," I added, "I want to go back to your men as they are either too slow to obey my order, or they are not moving at all." He said he would attend to that, and urged me again to take the 2nd Battalion men to the rear. I again told him the impossibility of doing so. Then he said that if I was afraid to go, I didn't have to go. That did it. I told him I would soon show him

who was afraid around here. (I was not under his command). So I ran out and tried to get ahead of those men. They were all running back now; the firing was terrific, just one continuous hiss. The air seemed red hot. These poor fellows fell around me in heaps. Several times I stumbled and fell over some one getting shot. We got about half way to the hedge when I saw a farm on our right on fire and the Germans around it. The hedge we were heading for ran right into this farm so if we gained the hedge we would be infiladed from the farm, and worse off than we now were, so I called out at the top of my voice through the din—"All lie still until you hear from me, or darkness sets in." No answer. I believe they were all killed then. Now the Germans charged. The machine gun in front of the Major's dugout checked them for a moment, then the crew were all killed or wounded. Where I was lying there was no cover so I started to dig in with my wire pliers. Bullets threw dirt over me from time to time. Then right at once a heavy shell fire set in from the rear. I thought at first it was our guns, then I noticed they were high explosives, I knew they were German shells. They killed quite a number of their own men. They now shortened the range, and many of my men were blown to pieces, but I am satisfied that they were all dead before this. I now got tossed up in the air twice with shells. I was not knocked entirely unconscious but very stupid. The shell fire now stopped. I stood up looking stupidly around. Should have lain still amongst all the dead men, but I was too dazed to realize this, and I found myself surrounded by quite a number of Germans. I was awfully dazed I have a hazy recollection of a German trying to take my pistol. (My rifle was lying on the ground) I would not let him. It is a wonder they did not take the pistol by force; and also a wonder that I did not use it myself; too stupid and dazed, no

doubt. This all happened in a ploughed open field no cover of any kind and of those 150 or 160 2nd Battalion men there is no doubt I was the only one left alive.

I had my watch shot on my wrist, bullet holes through my clothes. There was quite a number killed while touching shoulders with me, but I received nary a scratch—an extraordinary piece of good luck, as we all had the same amount of cover which was nil.

Just before this, they had gathered up four stragglers who were between me and what was left of the two third Battalion Companies: who had by then been overwhelmed by numbers. I was the last one being the farthest away. Several Germans now half led and half carried me over to where the others were. I was recovering very rapidly. When I got there I was about normal.

I was now a Prisoner of War. What an awful feeling; what a humiliating position to be in. What will people at home think about me. A Prisoner of War. But I am going to get away somehow, come what may.

I still had my pistol in the holster. A German officer took it while the several men still held me. They now let me loose. I got over among the rest of the third Battalion men and told them to know nothing when asked, that I would do the talking: pass it around quick. Pretty soon a German officer came along and asked in good English. "Where are the rest of the men around here." I replied, "These are all the men we have here including the dead ones. But we have thousands a few hundred yards in the rear. You had better go and get them also." "No thanks," he replied "We don't want any more at this price. It is too expensive. You do not mean to tell me that you did all this damage with these few men." "He pointed as he spoke to the heaps of German dead and wounded lying particularly in front of Captain

Streight's Company. I told him. "You wait till we get better acquainted and you will get used to our ways of doing things."

He kind of smiled and sent some of his men to look the trenches and surrounding country over. When they reported to him, he said, "I must admit that you told the truth." "I always tell the truth." I replied and added; "Are you not going to go back to get those others that are only a few hundred yards in our rear." "No! not today, thank you. Too expensive." At this time there were hardly any British troops between this point and Calais I knew that and it was the reason that I wanted to do the talking to bluff them from going farther and finding that out.

This was about 5 p.m. April 24th, 1915 and my birthday, but the ~~death~~ day of many brave men. The report stated that there was 12,000 Canadians attacked by 120,000 Germans. We were poorly entrenched and badly equipped. The enemy on the other hand had thousands of machine guns and numerous batteries in support. They made an awful mess of us in killed, wounded and prisoners. But ten to one is rather heavy odds besides their great superiority in artillery and machine guns. They did not get beyond our position which was now occupied only by our dead and wounded.

The wounded were never heard of again except the walking cases whom they took along with us. We were now hurriedly pushed into fours with a German soldier on each side, so we were now in column of sixes. They were in a great hurry to get away, looking back excitedly and yelling "Snell, Snell, Snell, (in English, Hurry!) I did not at that time understand hardly any German but as actions often speak louder than words I could see what they said. We were now being taken through at least fifty lines of Germans. Field telephones everywhere. All houses and barns also full of German troops.

Now our guns began to play, shells bursting all around: one exploded in the field barely fifty yards away. I was next to the German Guard on my right, an elderly man with yellow whiskers. He jumped against me when the shell exploded. I said to him, "Are you sick?" "No," he replied in pigeon English, "Me no sick." In a few minutes another shell exploded closer. He gave an awful jump almost on top of me. I said again, "Are you sick?" "No, shell, shell. You no afraid?" "No!" I said, "This is my shell. It is for you not for us. I am not afraid of my own shell." He laughed and told the other guards in German and they all laughed. I fully expected to get hit by our own shells as we were marching on a registered highway, but I felt so dejected being taken prisoner that I did not care what happened.

In about an hour we were taken on a train a short distance to Staden. Here we were formed up at the Station on exhibition. Some Germans came and cut the shoulder straps off some of our men, they also took buttons, pipes, etc. They brought some captured cartridges with the points of the bullets damaged and accused us of using dum-dum bullets. They also wanted to know why we came all the way from Canada to fight. We had no business fighting the Germans, they said. They called us "Geld Soldaten" meaning that we fought for money only. We told them that they were at war with the whole of the British Empire and not a part thereof.

We were now taken to the Church, for the night and given some black bread and water. The officers occupied the altar part, the men the main body of the Church; all the pews having been removed, and a thin layer of straw having been placed on the floor. It was cold and we had no overcoats, except one Major, who had his great-coat. He found two light mattresses, put one under and one over himself and slept the sleep of

the unjust. Lieut. Vic. McLean, 16th Batt., Vancouver, was wounded, had nothing to lay on and should have been shown some consideration. Everybody suffered more or less from the cold and discomfort. We walked about most of the night, hungry, thirsty and dejected. We had not eaten but very little for three days and little or no sleep.

Several German Officers came in and looked us over, mostly all very friendly. To get information. I warned everybody against telling them anything at all. They took away our papers, pocketbooks, etc. I had a vest pocket camera. They took that also, took out the film: it had not been exposed or I should have destroyed it. They for a wonder, returned the camera, promised to return my books and papers but did not do so. There was nothing of value to anybody but me: an address book with the names of people I had met on my former travels, something I could not replace. We were visited by two German officers, who were very insolent Prussians no doubt. They spoke English.

In the morning, we were fed like any other animals and later in the day taken to the railway station, where we boarded a train for Roulers. We arrived there without any incident of note. We were now marched to the market place, the wounded hobbling along the best way they could. The officers were taken into a sort of Court house, where we were handed two postcards each, to write home and tell the disgusting news.

We were also given black bread and coffee. Then we were paraded again on the Market Place outside. The place was full of people looking at us. The wounded were now taken away. There was quite a commotion when Captain Bellew 7th Batt. arrived. He had been subject to three court-martials that day. They were going to shoot him as they claimed he had continued to fire his machine gun after all the others had surrendered. He denied it and got off as they did not have sufficient

evidence. I am afraid he did not tell the truth, but it is no harm to lie to the enemy. He later received the V.C. for his gallant conduct. We were now again put on board a train: another stage of the fateful journey had begun. What would the future bring. We shall see.

I might say that enroute, we (the officers) travelled in a fourth class car stolen from the Belgians. From two to three badly gassed black Algerian privates were put in each compartment with us by the O.C. train, saying "Now travel with your black friends whom you like so well" and the other German officers present seemed to think it was a great joke. We got nothing but black bread and water the three days and nights we were on this train. We had an awful time to get water. In one place where the Belgian population showed sympathy for us, they were shot at from the train. Through Germany we were insulted beyond description; only for the guards we should have been torn to pieces. They were particularly indignant on account of us being Canadians, coming over here to fight the Germans, calling us "Geld Soldaten". Nearly all the guards we had were more or less friendly. In one place they got us a glass of beer each; we paid for it of course. The officers in command of the train would go swaggering up and down the platform where we stopped, take civilians and officers around and show us off like animals at the Zoo. On arriving at Cassels a German General came round. He noticed the Algerian Blacks in with us and spoke to the O.C. train about it. He got very humble and said he thought they were officers and got out of it that way. They were taken out, there and then.

Chapter XVII

ARRIVAL IN PRISON CAMP

After passing through Leipzig and Dresden we arrived at Prison Camp, Bischofswerda, Saxony, 25 miles south east of Dresden, at 2 a.m. on April 28th 1915. The great gate swung open and shut after us with a mournful bang and we were in the jug proper.

The camp or Barracks was located on high ground about a mile from Bischofswerda, overlooking the town and the surrounding country and the Bohemian Hills in Austria, seven miles south. It had been built for the A.S.C. but never been occupied by troops, as it was only finished the previous October. It was a sanitary fireproof building, steam heated throughout, except a few large rooms evidently intended for indoor training, lectures, etc. These large rooms were partitioned off to make smaller rooms out of them for the time being, and were heated with stoves. With very few exceptions the English and Canadian officers were in these rooms, eight to twelve in each. I expect because we were considered to be the most hardened sinners.

The Commandant, officers and men treated us fairly well, we could do pretty much as we liked inside the enclosure: we played tennis, (three courts) baseball, football, etc. Walked round the enclosure for exercise, played cards, wrote letters, received letters and parcels. After a time we had a good many hundred books and magazines sent to us from friends. We were allowed to write two letters (4 pages each) and four postcards a month. We also had a number of games and puzzles to work out, sent from England. So the time did not go too badly.

The Germans added considerable to our entertainment, by sending us *The Continental Times*, a vile sheet published in English, from Berlin, rabid

anti-British. We were told every week that this was the last free copy we would get. We must subscribe or it would be stopped. We never subscribed, but it never stopped. We had one daily paper from Dresden. This particular sheet was the only German newspaper allowed in the camp. I suppose the Germans thought it was the one of all publications best qualified to show us the error of our ways. Extracts from this were translated into English by Major Bingham, D.S.O. and posted up for all to read. We had plenty of large war maps on the wall with pins and strings to denote the progress or otherwise of the various fronts. I am afraid that some of the information we got was rather misleading. Every few days flags were flying and bands playing to celebrate some German victory or other—to cheer us up no doubt. When the Lusitania was sunk there was a great celebration. Many of us on the other hand walked around the enclosure that day grinding our teeth in impotent rage. They now started a regular system of propaganda in the Camp. They had a lot of printed matter in the different languages distributed not only to poison our minds against each other as to nationalities, but every means and argument was used to try and get us dissatisfied with our own government and people at home. They would spread the story among the Russians that the English say that you are no good, and to the English and French that such and such say that you are no good, in order to breed distrust of one another as to nationalities. This was very annoying but a great failure on their part. There were two Moslem Russian Officers from the Caucasus. They repeatedly had them brought up before the Commandant and offered their liberty to go and join the Turks. They declined with scorn.

All this made me more determined to get away. I walked round that parade ground like a caged animal looking through their lines of sentries and

barbed wire, hissing through my teeth, I must get out, I will get out and at them again. I told a few of my intimates that I was going to get out of there even if I had to bolt between the sentries and over the wire in the daytime; that I had been shot at thousands of times and that they might as well have another try at it as I was not going to stay until winter, come what may. In fact my plain expression was that I was going to get out of there if all Hell freezes over.

All the money sent to us was received, parcels we received about 90 per cent; letters about 80 per cent, that is estimated. We received a hundred marks a month from the German Government, 50 marks of which went to pay for our board in the canteen, the other fifty marks were put to our credit in the office and given to us at the rate of ten fifteen or twenty marks a week as pocket money. We could have any money of our own sent from England and put to our credit in the office, where every officer had an account. Any clothes or articles you got from the canteen could be charged to your account.

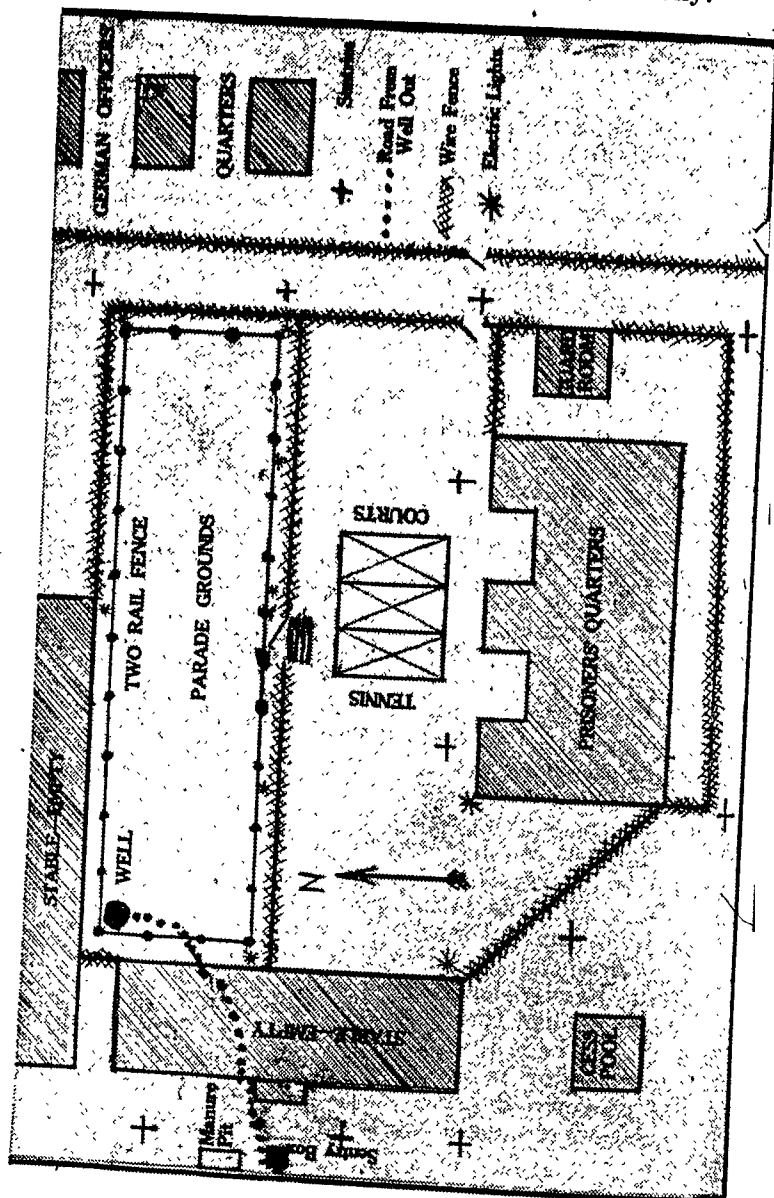
There were various trades and professional men in attendance to get our money of course. Two tailors came twice a week. A shoemaker came twice a week for repairs, and also made new boots and shoes; had a shop in Bischotswerda; was a Pole and very friendly with us. He brought in several things to the camp which were Verboten. Between him and the tailors several civilian suits were smuggled into camp mostly for the Russian officers who never used them. I tried to buy a suit from one, but he would not sell it. Two barbers came every day from 1 to 4 p.m. Several washerwomen came every Saturday. All these people who came to do business with us were accompanied by individual guards with fixed bayonet who never left them while they were in the camp, to keep them from bringing us anything or posting

letters for us outside. They succeeded very well—I don't think. The Dentist was the only one that did not have a sentry in his room. He came once a week and did some very good work. He filled three teeth for me, two with gold and one with platinum for 60 marks. Souvenirs of Saxony.

As to our food we did not get enough for breakfast. One small white roll split and buttered on one side and coffee that was more like dirty water. The other two meals a day were not so bad—soup, meat, fish, potatoes, black bread, sausages, and sometimes butter. Some of the fish we got was pickled herring, not cooked. Most of the sausages were coarse. We got some very poor meat, which looked like wood, and had small streaks of yellow fat. We called it horse-meat. As a whole the food was not so bad considering that we were prisoners of war. A person could live on it quite alright, but it was by no means what we would eat at home. Some of the officers never touched it. Between parcels they received from England and Canada, and what they bought at the canteen, they lived much better. For breakfast you could buy ham and eggs (2 eggs) extra bread and butter for less than a mark. You could also buy five bottles of good beer for a mark, and the people in the canteen were quite nice to us. So also was the German Interpreter of English. He never lost an opportunity to do us a good turn. He spoke English and French. Was a Bohemian by birth and hated the Germans, had sailed a good deal on the high seas; had been a business man in Manchester, England for a number of years. His name was Horn. He would bring us little things from the Town that we could not buy in the Canteen. He would not do anything directly against the Germans. He said they better be careful how they treat the prisoners. They don't know which way the war will end. He was after a while reported to the Commandant as being too friendly with us, and detailed

to interpret to the French only. We got a new interpreter of English. He was a Prussian, his name was Azt. He never lost an opportunity to annoy us. I am quite satisfied in my mind that he destroyed more or less of both incoming and outgoing mail, because he was too lazy to censor it. This was proven once when he was on leave. We got Mr. Horn to go and get a box of our mail in his room, which he did. We read it and gave it back to Mr. Horn who returned it. On his return from leave we awaited developments but never saw this particular mail any more, so this was conclusive evidence. This was reported to the United States Embassy, and he was found out and sent to the Front. In addition to this he could not speak correct English and had one of our officers Captain Gilland (Imperial) up before the Commandant and given one day's bread and water, on account of his (the Interpreters) ignorance. The facts being as follows:—This officer came into the parcel room one morning looking for a parcel he had been expecting for some days. On finding that it had not arrived, he said "Damnation" and went out. The Interpreter who was present went and reported to the Commandant that Captain Gilliland was damning the German Nation. With the result already mentioned, in spite of what anyone could say, the Commandant stating that the Interpreter was sworn to tell the truth.

There were many complaints about the food from time to time. They were great hypocrites. When a German General came to inspect the camp, generally at meal times, we were fed better than usual and a lot of flowers put on the tables. They could hardly leave him time to get away before they grabbed the flowers and took them away. I may say here that Mr. Gerrard, the United States Ambassador in Berlin, did everything for us within his power. Representatives from the U.S.A. Embassy were constantly travelling to the various pri-



son camps and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Gerrard, Mr. Jackson and others of his staff for the untiring efforts they made on our behalf.

When the King's birthday came we drank His Majesty's health, saying "Here is to George." The Germans wanted to know what it was all about. We told them it was George's birthday—pointing out Major George of the Royal Irish Regiment, who with a broad Irish grin assured them it was quite right.

As I was planning to escape I never found fault with anything or anybody so as not to attract attention to myself. The result was contrary to my intentions as I was held up as an example and asked to put down in writing that I was quite satisfied with the food. I did, and said I was quite satisfied with the food personally but I could only speak for myself. I gave them to understand that the coffee and rolls in the morning were not enough they said that was all they had themselves; which was quite true; but they had a meal again between 9 and 10 in the morning, which we did not. I also quoted them the English Tommy's rations, and compared it with what we were getting—not very favourably. But the worst came when I added to the end of it—quoting "So much meat a day (not horse meat). They got wild and had me brought up before the Commandant, who very indignantly denied it to be horse flesh as such was never served in Germany. I told him it was very poor meat in any case. He said that he ate it himself. I told him I never ate it and he was furious. I told him that I had no complaints to make, but the Interpreter was always after me to make a statement as to the food, that I had done so and could not help facts.

About this time a funny incident occurred. The German carpenter was in our room, repairing a bed someone had smashed, which was more or less common occurrence. He had part of the bed leaning up against Captain Scudamore's bed, who coming

in said "Who put that there? I don't want that damn thing there." and threw the parts through the open window, just missing the German Sergeant Major outside. Armed guards soon appeared and had us all marched off to the Commandant's office. He was furious calling us "Englische Schwein Hunds". Captain Scudamore, the real culprit, was the only one who understood German: the rest of us only knew "Swine Hund" as we had heard it so often and he stood with a smile and listened to the awful lecture intended to bring terror into the hearts of these Verdante Englishers. The longer the Commandant talked the more furious he became. Captain Scudamore's grin did not pacify him any. At last he frothed at the mouth and his voice rose to such a pitch that I thought he was going to collapse, but he saved up enough energy to say "Verdante Englishers. Get out".. We went back to our room where Captain Scudamore explained to us the significance of the Commandant's severe lecture.

They had an artist from Dresden at the Camp a good deal to sketch the officers. He was a very pleasant old man. He came into the Canteen, and bought beer and tried to get on the good side of us to get information, I expect, as no one else was allowed to mix with us or talk without a guard present, except the Interpreter, of course. I talked to him as much as possible; it helped me with the German language. I was so very interested at the time in learning it. His intentions were no doubt alright, but I am afraid he was a failure as far as the Fatherland was concerned, as he never got anything out of us. Photographers also came from time to time, but I would never have my photograph produced in any form and they never got it. The Commandant gave permission that anyone who wanted a camera could have it, but it must not be imported from England or any other foreign coun-

try: but I took good care that no one got my photograph.

Everybody was continually talking about escaping. There were spies among us, supposed to be Russian Officers. The result was that there was a great many more precautions taken than there were in the beginning. I did bless those people that did so much talking about escaping. One day a single Russian officer (prisoner) arrived at the camp. He made himself most agreeable, buying beer at the Canteen and always talking to someone about escaping, etc. I was just beginning to talk a little German and I talked to him a good deal. He talked that language well, which in itself was not suspicious as many good loyal Russian officers from the Baltic Provinces spoke German better than Russian. This fellow spoke good Russian also, but he asked certain questions that made me suspicious and when I asked him where he was made a prisoner. He told me in Galicia and that he was moved to this camp from Budapesth. Now anyone would know that the Austrians did not send their prisoners of war to Germany. I told some of my pals to look out for him. He also had a room all to himself—he was a captain. None of the Allied Majors had a room to themselves to say nothing about a captain. I was in this fellow's room one day. He had a lot of German Military books on a shelf. All these little things soon satisfied me as to what he was. He got nothing out of us but there were nineteen Russian officers planning to escape through the West Stable. There was an empty sentry box alongside a window and by climbing this box, it was quite feasible to get out that way. I had been considering this myself. He got onto their plans and the next morning the sentry box was missing, as well as three more sentry boxes not in use between the two recreation grounds. He was also missing. He had only been there two weeks. Next night there

was a string of electric lights lit between the two parade or recreation grounds. Those lights were on every night after this, so that fellow did more for the Fatherland than the Artist from Dresden. Of course, when he had gone everybody realized who he was; the Russians in particular were furious. I think they would have done something very detrimental to his health if he had not so wisely disappeared.

Chapter XVIII

ALWAYS PLANNING TO ESCAPE

As to my own plans, I took action right from the beginning. I always intended to escape to Denmark. That being the case, I told them when we gave our rank, name, address, birthplace, etc., that I was born in Grimsby, England. When they said it was a Scandinavian name, I told them that my parents were Scandinavian, , had lived in Grimsby for over sixty years and that they were fisher folk. That I had been in Canada since quite young. I also made it appear that if I ever got out of there I would head for Switzezrland. I wrote a letter to myself, dating it back so that the Interprter, if he should see it, would forget about it, supposing to have come from an American friend and his wife in Switzerland, Mr. E. J. Shaw, from Seattle. Giving me a great story about the good time they were having, motor boating on the lakes, mountain climbing, etc., wishing I was there, calling attention to the motorboating, duckshooting, etc. we used to enjoy together in Alberta, Canada, hoping that I would come and see them if I got exchanged or the War was over, I showed this letter around to just a few that I knew would keep it quiet. They said we know where you will go if you get out of here. "Yes, but keep it to yourself" I replied. They did. I don't think. I had

some snapshots of big and small game hunting scenes that I had sent out to me from London, where I left them before I went to France. I showed them to the Commandant, who was a very keen sportsman. I told him how we hunted in Canada and laid great stress on the fact that I was a great man in the Mountains. I was lonesome without the mountains and in fact was at home there. Where I hunt is like the Alps over there—pointing West. He got quite excited and wanted to know if I thought he could come out there and hunt after the War. I said "Certainly. All you have to do is to mention my name and you will be welcome anywhere in Canada."



My Duck Shooting Camp, Lake Miquelon

I took good care not to tell him that I was politically unfit in Canada. I did not get a chance to talk much to the Commandant or any of the other officers. One of the last times I spoke to him, I asked where the big game hunting ground in Ger-

many was located. He told me there were moose and elk at various places, showing me on the map. That was what I wanted to know, as by telling me this, he also unconsciously told me where all the biggest forests in the country were located. This is what concerned me more than the game that was there, as I intended when I became a fugitive from **injustice** to take advantage of this information. What was good enough for Moose and Elk was good enough for me. Now the foothills started



Moose Hunting, 1913

right at Bischofswerda. About forty miles away the mountains began, and extended all the way to Switzerland, of course, I intended that our conversation about the Alps should come home to the Commandant, after I had escaped.

It took me three months to get ready. I had to get my boots soled, a pair of trousers (long) made, as I had only riding breeches, socks, needles, thread scissors, air cushion for swimming rivers, a sponge bag (rubber) for matches, map, paper money

(notes), etc. I also had to get food (principally chocolates and biscuits, bread and meat lozenges) also a German pipe and Knapsack (Ryksack). I suppose one should not covet ones neighbours raiment, but Lieutenant Frank Smith 15th Batt., Toronto had an issue rubber raincoat that suited me. I asked him for it. "What do you want it for?" he asked, I replied I was leaving this hotel shortly. He was greatly interested and replied, "You can have anything that I have got. Is there anything else that I can do?" "Yes" I said, "You can pay my bill in the canteen. I owe 55 marks. I can't very well tell them I am leaving this hotel tonight and that I want my bill. Lieutenant Steve, 7th Batt., owes me forty marks for a camera, so if you will pay the fifteen I shall be much obliged, and will give you a cheque on London for one hundred and fifteen marks." I already owed him one hundred marks. He would not hear of this but said that I could put it to his credit in the Bank of Montreal, London, when I got there. Very optimistic wasn't he? I happened to mention something about a south-wester. He said Lieutenant Jones, 15th Batt. has one, "I will go and steal it." Which he did. I was going to see Jones, but Smith said, "Never mind. I will see him. Don't worry over a little thing like that."

I gathered up a very limited quantity of medicine, bandages and maps. I had a small compass. Previous to this I had gathered up all the discarded white tape they had used for laying out the tennis courts; and made it in to a strong rope. Captain Caskell, 9th Indian Army, helped me with this. He also dyed it with coffee. We did this job in Captain Lord James Murray's room on the 4th floor. I first intended to use it to throw into the top of an accacia tree from General Selinsky's window, fasten one end to the radiator, with a sand-bag on the other and climb over the twenty feet or so, forty feet or more above the heads of the sen-

tries, and slide down the tree about one foot or so outside the outer of the two fences. But the Russian General was afraid of being implicated, so I gave that idea up. I later made a rope ladder out of it. The hook for the ladder I made out of a five eighth's inch poker, about five feet in length. It was in one of the large rooms. The next thing was how to get it up stairs. Major George, Royal Irish Regiment, had a bullet through his kneecap, and his leg was stiff. I mentioned to him that I was going to use the poker down stairs for a hook for my rope ladder. "How are you going to get it upstairs?" He said. I said to him (he was a great friend of mine) what did he suppose he got that stiff leg of his for. He replied, "Because the Germans made such a poor job of it." "Wrong," I said, "You got that stiff leg so that you can carry that poker up stairs for me." He laughed as only an Irishman can laugh and said "I'm game." and it was done right away. He stuck the poker inside his trousers and walked past the sentries up the stairs. I did all this work in my room by moonlight. Captain Streight, 3rd, Batt., Toronto, helped me with this as well as with other preparations.

The slowest job was to get money. I had £11.0.0 in gold and 25 francs in five franc notes, when I was taken prisoner. At the prison camp, we were told to give up all our money in the office, where it would be put to our credit in marks. Like a fool I gave up seven sovereigns and the French money. I kept four sovereigns and sewed them up in my clothes. I sent to England for ten pounds which arrived in due time. I borrowed forty marks from Major George. Had the same amount transferred from my account to his in the office, telling the Germans I had played poker and had lost it to him. I also obtained under various pretences, small amounts from Herr and Frau Muller, keepers of the canteen and had it charged up as merchandise. I also received a woolen scarf and water bottle from

Captain Streight and a balaclava woolen cap and a khaki shirt from Captain Johnston. Biscuits, chocolates, meats, lozengers from various officers who would not hear of accepting anything for them. A small enamelled pot, oxo cubes and cocoa I bought in the canteen. I intended to relieve Fritz or Hans of a little chicken or a little pig if occasions demanded. There were plenty of potatoes turnips, and cabbage everywhere in the fields. They wanted to know what I wanted salt for, so I told them that I had walked so much on the parade ground that my feet got sore, and that salt and water was the best for it that I knew of. I got as much money as possible weekly from the office on various pretences and spent as little as convenient in the canteen, but had extra food and things charged up to my account. I calculated that one hundred marks besides the four sovereigns I had, would be enough, but as it took me five months to get away, I got two hundred and fifty marks together. Forty three of these were in silver, which I sewed in my cholera belt, as I did not know if German notes would be any use on reaching a neutral country.

Being so long in getting away, I had to send for some more money, as I did not want to leave there in debt, either to my comrades or to the German canteen. So when finally I did escape, I had everything arranged to come out even as before mentioned.

As I said before in three months time I was ready to go. I felt that I could get out of there almost anytime. I wanted to go before the harvest time, when there was plenty of cover to hide in the daytime everywhere. We talked and argued every point amongst ourselves. Some French and Belgian officers had lived in Germany and knew the language and customs of the country pretty well, and we all came to the conclusion that anyone that got away could not travel by

train, or to be seen at all in the daytime or to cross bridges or follow any roads. It was on these grounds (losing two months of valuable time over it) that all the arrangements I had made with several different parties of from two to four officers always fell through, and also in some cases because I wanted to head for Denmark, but mostly on account of the great distance—over 500 miles—to all neutral countries, Denmark being the farthest. They argued, and quite right, that if anything happened to me as we were getting there or before we got there they would be in a bad way not knowing the language. I told them that everyone was entitled to their own opinion and that I hated to go alone, because I knew that I could take one or two with me alright, and no doubt of getting through, as I had been a big game hunter all my life and was used to seeing without being seen and could not get lost if I tried; that travelling across forests, fields, rivers and swamps was good enough for me, and that I had no fear of being recaptured whatever. The only thing I was afraid of was rheumatics, as I had had a slight attack of muscular rheumatism part of the summer. That being the case I did not feel like persuading anyone into going with me. Another question that was raised was about clothes. I argued that as we were going to travel at night only, the clothes did not matter in the slightest. It was when we came to a neutral country that we wanted civilian clothes. But I expected to travel at night in a neutral country the same as in Germany, until we got civilian clothes, I also pointed out to them that by taking rank badges, decorations, shoulder straps and other badges off our tunics, and have leather buttons sewed on, and also taking off the lower pockets, it was not a uniform at all, except to ourselves. No foreigner would take it for anything else but a tourist or sportsman's outfit, except if there was three or four of us dressed alike, it might be suspicious.

One day I was sent for from the office, there was a post card in a language no one could read (Danish). They handed it to me to look at. I read only a few words, threw it in the waste paper basket and said in disgust, "I can't read that damn stuff." They wanted to know what language that was. I didn't know. Later a letter came from Denmark. The Interpreter brought it into my room. I looked at it; saw who it was from did not read hardly any of it. I handed it back saying "I don't know anything about it, what it is or what it means. One gets to know so many people in Canada from all over the world." So he took it away with him.

Now in addition to all the above enumerated difficulties in getting out of Germany and getting out of prison, we had heard that of all the officers that had tried to escape, that only one (interned near the Dutch frontier) had succeeded, three or four being captured intact, seven or eight wounded. All the others were killed, some within a few yards of the frontier. So, all in all, our prospect did not look very encouraging, and none of the other officers can be blamed in any way for not coming with me under the circumstances, as we knew them at that time.

My mind also being so active about escaping, I very often dreamed that I had escaped, was recaptured and shot or hung. This was not very encouraging either, although I do not believe in dreams. I remember telling some of the officers on several occasions that I was going to get out if all hell freezes over.

Captain Streight would have come with me only he thought he had a better plan than I had. I also thought that his plan was better than mine, but it could only apply to himself, it not being feasible for anyone else. He found later that his plan was impossible, much to my surprise when I heard of it. He did later escape, several times. The last time

he was at large for nineteen days, but was recaptured and nearly killed about one foot away from the Holland frontier: rotten luck. He spent many days in Punishment Camps and Hospital after this.

It turned out afterwards that any mistakes we had made as to the difficulties in escaping and travelling generally were all in my favour. Besides in the first place, being a big game hunter all my life, I did not consider these difficulties very serious and was quite willing to back up my opinion with actions. Actions speak louder than words.

When I first came to the prison camp, I was in a room with ten other Canadian officers. I had a proposition from the Commandant to share a room with a Russian Major; not knowing him I declined. I tried repeatedly to get a room with two or four of my own selection: both as to room and occupants, but repeatedly failed, so I gave it up. One evening I was walking about the square when the Commandant called me (through an open window) where he and the Quartermaster were standing in the corridor. He was feeling pretty good (Beer). He wanted to know more about big game hunting in Canada. 'I always tried to please him for my own purposes. This evening he said, "Would you like a room to yourself?" I said, "It will not be necessary," as I did not think he meant it after refusing me so many times. I said I would be pleased to have a room with two or three others. He told the Quartermaster there and then to get a room ready for me and one other officer of my choice which was Captain Streight of Toronto, 3rd Batt. We got the room for just two, steam heated. It had formerly been used as a music room, but they had removed the piano as we did not want to pay the rent for it. We got several pieces of furniture. A chest of drawers appealed to me as I could lock my things in as I collected them. Here is where I made the rope ladder by moonlight, after everybody had gone to bed. I also made two pairs of

mitten out of old socks. Sewed my money in my clothes, and in my cholera belt, etc. I never lost an opportunity to prepare for my escape. I studied German a good deal, conversing with the Germans as much as possible. I was always sick, out-of-sorts under the doctor's care, or down in the hospital talking to the German orderlies. As I got on with the language and able to converse fairly well, I told them grizzly bear stories from the Rocky Mountains that made their hair stand. I escaped in my own mind thousands of times; and in these imaginary escapes, I selected what seemed to suit the occasion the best as to conversation, and studied German accordingly. As far as the German language as a whole was concerned, I never bothered about it. I just studied what appeared to suit my particular purpose, for just **once over**. I made out several plans of escape, everything I did was part of some plan or other. I examined the building from basement to garret. I walked around the parade ground usually a good many miles a day, either alone or with others. I watched closely the posting of the guards, reliefs, etc. I also took particular note of the electric lights, when they were turned off and where the shadows were: in fact anything that might be of use to me. I left nothing undone in that respect.

As it was getting towards the end of September, I made up my mind it was useless to wait any longer for anybody else to join me, as the winter was coming on, so I decided to make a start. The day I was going away, I wrote a long letter to the Commandant, that I was going; that if I stayed any longer I would go mad; that it would make no difference as I was medically unfit and could not fight any more, referring him to the doctor. I had been faking numerous illnesses all summer. Also thanking him for his treatment of me while there, and hoping that he would continue to treat my fellow prisoners with the same kindness. Hoping to see

him again after the war, assuring him very particularly that I had no one to help me get away, neither my fellow prisoners or any one else, saying that I would not have any body getting into trouble helping me, and that I was quite capable of helping myself. So he did not need to worry about me or expect to get me back again, and I further said that I would not kill or injure anyone getting out or destroy any property. In writing this letter I had two objects in view, first, that I wanted to shield my brother officers from any harm or blame in connection with my escape; secondly, I thought that if I should be unfortunate enough to get recaptured (which I did not at all anticipate) this letter would do me no harm. Then I had also let my beard grow for over eight weeks, so in this connection, I wrote to Captain Streight, my room mate, stating that I hoped he would not be offended with me for stealing his razor but I needed it (I never took it at all). Of course, it was all understood between us. I put these two letters under my pillow, where I knew the guard would find them when I was missed. I did not want my room mate to have anything to do with it, so I took further precautions.

There were a number of them playing cards in our room every night until nine or ten o'clock. We had an English orderly, named Smith: I got hold of him, and gave him a letter addressed to Captain Streight, and told him it was a great joke to give this letter to him at eight o'clock, when they were playing cards, and tell him to open it at once. The letter ran as follows:

Dear Old Streight:—Don't expect me in my room tonight. I am worse and am staying down in the hospital. Will see you in the morning.

I wanted him to read this letter in front of the others to show that I fooled him also, which he did. We had a large Central Europe map on the wall. Captain Streight cut the Switzerland end off and

hid the other part where the Germans would find it, as I forgot to do that myself. During the afternoon, Captain D. Bellow, V.C., 7th Batt., Vancouver; Lieut. Vic McLean, 16th Batt., Vancouver; Lieut. Frank Smith, 15th Batt., Toronto, and myself, took all the things out and buried them in the corner of the riding school in the deep sand near a well. It was very difficult to do this without being seen, and it took us nearly all the afternoon. I was most afraid of my own comrades, not that they would tell anyone, but that their actions unconsciously would give us away. However, we got everything buried in good time. We had roll call twice a day—9 a.m. and 5.20 p.m. After roll call at 5.20 p.m. I had nothing but myself to look after. All my things were already out, so I watched closely everybody walking around the riding school. There was a sentry fifteen yards away between the two large stables, behind a wire fence. At six o'clock everybody had to go in, and the gate between the riding school and the parade ground was locked, and extra sentries posted on the parade ground in front of the main building or barracks.

Not before two minutes to six did the favourable opportunity come. Bellow and Smith were standing around the well with their big coats on, shielding me from view. McLean a few yards away on the look out. When nobody was looking I slipped into the well. This was on the 28th day of September, 1915, just five months to a day after coming to the camp. The opening would barely admit me. Lieut. Frank Smith slipped the iron lid over me, saying: "Good bye, old sport. Good luck to you." That was the last ever seen of me around those parts. I had promised to write to the boys if I ever got through and it was agreed that I sign my name Simpson. I wrote to Captain Streight from Denmark, and several letters from England, but no reply, so I figured that my letters were in-

tercepted. That being the case I quit writing as I thought I might get some of them into trouble.

Several days previous to this there were two Russian officers around, probably spies. It did not matter where I was, one or both were always on hand. "Come and teach me English. Come and have a bottle of beer," they would say. I knew that I must get rid of them somehow, so I asked them how they would like to escape. "Oh fine, but we don't know how." I said, "I will tell you." I then outlined the plan to go through General Selinsky's window that I have mentioned before. They said that was great but I would have to go first. They looked at one another and winked—of course I did not see that. I did see, however, that their idea was for me to go first and for the guard to get me, so I arranged with them to carry this out next Thurslay night. This was on Sunday. On Monday they did not follow me about as I told them it was best not to be seen together; to which they agreed, so I got rid of them that way. On Wednesday morning I was missing; I often wondered if they lost their job.

I was now in the well. It had a concrete casing and an iron ladder about twelve feet down to the water. Of course I knew all that beforehand. The lid fitted very tightly, and I did not get any more air than I could nicely do with. Now by getting into the well, I cleared one barbed wire fence and one line of sentries. I still had one line of sentries and two fences to clear, the outer fence was about fourteen feet high. Two large stables formed part of the inner fence. It got dark shortly after six o'clock. I could hear the sentry walking to and fro, between the two stables; when his footsteps died away, I knew he was going the other way and I got busy getting off the iron lid. It was very hard being quite heavy (cast iron); the frame was also cast iron and what was worse there was sand in between which made an awful noise. I

had to balance the lid on my thumbs, so as to lift it off the particles of sand, and move it over about a quarter of an inch at a time, till I got it enough on one side to get my head out, then I could hear better and see the sentry when he came my way and so get along faster. I balanced the heavy lid on one hand, and when the coast was clear, I threw it clear off the well and it fell in the sand and made little or no noise. Next time the sentry went the other way, I got out of the well quickly and got busy digging my things out of the sand. When I heard him come back, I stood straight behind a large post of the riding school fence (there was a 2-rail fence all round the riding school). I stood quite still; the sentry was about fifteen yards away, looking my way. Would he see me I wondered, as the post was not quite thick enough to shield my body entirely. There was an electric light over his head a little behind him. It had by this time taken me one and a half hours since I had got into the well at 6 p.m. When the sentry went away I got busy and dug up my things and got them all over to the stable on the west side under an open window. I got a table from the riding school (there were several about for us to sit around in the daytime to read or write) and putting it against the wall, stood up on it. By putting a stick under the hook of my rope ladder, I could just barely reach and hook the ladder on to the top of the iron window sash. The upper half of the window opened inwards. The iron hook of the rope ladder was covered with old shirts and socks to deaden any sound. I had my raincape in one parcel and my knapsack in another. I tied each end of a stout cord to these two parcels, took a hitch around my left arm with the centre of the string and crept very cautiously up the ladder. When I got to the window sill, I stood there, and pulled up my things very cautiously and lifted them over the window and let them carefully into the stable.

I knew beforehand that the stable was unoccupied. After a time I pulled the rope ladder up and hung it down on the inside. It was very hard to get over the window sash without breaking the glass. It was a most awkward place; it opened inwards from the top 45 degrees and the window sill was about eight feet from the ground. I took some time to do it but at last I got inside without any mishap and landed on a concrete manger. The reason all this took me so long was I had to watch the sentries all the time. There was the one close to me to deal with; he could not see much but his hearing me was quite possible. Then there were four sentries down the end of the riding school and parade ground, about 125 yards away. Then there were four sentries, two in front of the barracks, and two between the end of the barracks and stable about 100 yards away. There was one electric light 30 yards away and a string of lights over the fence between the riding school and parade ground. Also along the front of the barracks were lights, and across the end of the parade ground and riding school were a string of lights. So that being the case I had to watch where everybody was before I made a move. It took me over four hours by the time I got into the stable. The moon, worse luck, was getting up. But that was not the worst; on looking round I discovered that the back of the stable was lit up, a thing I did not know or rather that I thought I knew to the contrary. That was a bad discovery but I was not going to stop for it. I put two pairs of socks on over my boots to deaden the sound. I could hear the sentries walking on the pavement behind the stable. It was a critical moment. There was no window open at the back of the stable so I had to open one myself. It was not hard and soon done. I stool on the concrete manger and hung my ladder up over the window, tied my parcels to my left arm, and got over the

window sash from the inside without making any noise, and when I got there I found I could see nothing so I had to get inside. It taxed me to my utmost physical strength, it being an awkward place. I was soaked with perspiration. Outside of the raincoat and a couple of pairs of socks and the southwester, I had all the clothes on that I had with me, viz.: two suits of underwear, a suit of pyjamas, a grey woollen sweater. I had on a grey, heavy woollen Balaclava cap, a presentation from Captain Johnston, 3rd Batt. My service cap I had left down in the well. Several people have asked me why I brought a suit of pyjamas with me. I brought them because they constituted so much clothing and it was getting cold. The stable was as new as the rest of the barracks and had never been used for horses. There had been a few prisoners in it some time before, and by looking round I found two wooden wash stands. By putting one on top of the other on the concrete manger, the upper one would reach within six inches from the top sash of the window. By laying on my knees, I could look outside the building and watch the sentries on the right. On my left quite close was a temporary lean-to building, about six feet out from the main building. On top of the roof and close to the same was a fifty candle power electric light. That meant that close to my left, outside the window was a small dark corner. I watched my chance and got my two small parcels outside the window, swung them a little and let them go gently into the dark corner. After I had got that done I had nothing but myself to look after, which was quite enough as the sentry was never far away. The light from the left only shone on about two inches of the upper part of the ladder hanging over the window sill. As soon as the sentries on my right got in to a position to suit me, I got out of the window, down the ladder and into the dark corner where my things were. I only got there

just in time as the sentry was coming back. He came within ten yards of me. I made ready to leap on him but the light was right on his face and I was in the shadow. He turned without seeing me. When he got a short distance away and the sentry beyond him was not looking my way (I could not hear any sentry on my left), I got over against the last fence. The sentry box was between me and the light. The bottom of the fence was about two feet below the general level of the ground and on one side was a concrete manure pit. On the other side there were planted along the fence a number of young trees so I was fairly safe for the time being, except someone should come along and find my ladder hanging from the window and give the alarm. However, I had left the rope ladder hanging there for fear of breaking the glass in trying to remove it and I had no further use for it. I got busy and anything I had that I could push through the fence, I did. Then I watched when no one was looking and threw the knapsack and raincoat over the fence. It was about fourteen feet high and made out of poles on end and crossing, with barbed wire nailed on here and there and several wires on top, but no top rails, and some of the poles not over an inch thick on top. I had to wait a long time, because in getting over the fence after clearing the shadow of the sentry box I had about six feet of fence right in the light, only sixteen feet away. Besides up to that height I was in the sight of four sentries so it was very ticklish work. I had decided that if they saw me and started to shoot I would make a bolt for it, make for the bush and come back in an hour or so and get my things. But "all's well that ends well." I watched very closely for a long time. I realized it was life or death and when the two sentries on each side of me walked apart with their backs turned, and the other two sentries beyond them

were not looking my way, I got over the fence quickly and down on the other side. I laid down and started to gather up my belongings. I had just begun, when the relief of guards came round, nine men and a sergeant. I laid down flat on the ground, and they passed by six feet away. They did not see me or the rope ladder hanging from the window. Of course, it was practically all in the shadow of the little lean-to building. It was now one o'clock a.m. on the morning of the 29th of September, 1915. It had taken me seven hours to cover less than sixty yards. So this far I had not exceeded the speed limit in Germany. I considered the time was not wasted as I had got my liberty so far, principally by being careful and studying every move. In other words, seeing without being seen. The situation struck me as being rather unique. A Canadian Dane on French leave in Germany. Talk about international complications—here it was in a nutshell. We were led to believe that the wires on the outer fence were charged with electricity. I knew it was not true as there were no insulators, but the wires fastened directly to the wood. They also led us to believe that they had bloodhounds in one of the stables, but I had made it my business to find out that it was rabbits that they were feeding there.

Chapter XIX

A FREE MAN IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

When the sentry relief had disappeared, I got busy and in a few minutes had my things in shape to start on my long tramp to a land of liberty in the far beyond. As far as I knew then I was going to walk all the way and at night only. I intended to make for Stettin, on the Baltic, about 175 miles away and try and steal on board a ship going to Scandinavia. If I was not successful in this, I

intended to walk west till I came to the Schleswig-Holstein Peninsula, when I would, of course, go due north. But circumstances often alter cases as you will see later. There was a ploughed field outside the fence. I started off across this field following the shadow of an electric light pole, until I got about a hundred yards away from the fence, when I set my course south-west for Switzerland. I had proceeded only a few yards when, B-r-r-r- up went a covey of partridges. I dropped to the ground and watched the sentries inside the fence. They evidently were not partridge-wise as they paid no attention. I thought that if I was the sentry I would want to know what that was about, at that time of night. No doubt the birds were doing their stuff according to traditional rules and regulations laid down. Having two pairs of socks outside my boots I calculated I would be easily tracked in the morning. I also stepped in all the mud possible when I reached the road. I kept this course for about a mile, leaving a good track behind me, then I sat down on the grass on the roadside, sprinkled a few biscuit crumbs and lost two postcards, and a letter I had brought with me for that purpose. I burned all my other letters the previous day. Then I cut the old socks off my boots and started off over the soft sod on the short grass, still in the direction of Switzerland. I dug my heels in, so that they could see that I had still gone in the same direction. In about seventy-five yards I got to the hard road again, there being a sharp turn in the road at this point, I took good care not to step in any mud this time. I went only a few steps on the hard road, then I turned right round in the opposite direction.

Now I had every reason to think that my deception as to going to Switzerland would be a perfect success, as I had been very careful and not overdone anything. I had further reason to think that

they would not suspect me of going to Denmark and that the two or three officers that I had wanted to go to Denmark with me earlier in the season would not mention it to any one. But to make doubly sure after passing the prison, and getting in to quite a large forest, I made my way easterly and very slightly north, as that would be the last place they would look for me. It would be more or less senseless even for a Russian to make for the Russian frontier or any other fighting front. Well, I started off nearly East, the moon was up nicely, I went over fields, through forests, followed roads part of the time, if they happened to suit me as to direction. My pack was very heavy, the straps over my shoulders made them quite sore, I was wet with perspiration, my feet wet with dew, so I stopped in some bushes and took one suit of underwear and my pyjamas off, and put them in my packsack. Off I went again and disappeared in the heavy woods. A lonesome owl hooted mournfully, otherwise all was still. There were numbers of forests everywhere and plenty of potato and turnip fields, no fences or hedges anywhere in these parts and better luck, no swamps, and the creeks were very small. This was significant, it being so near the Austrian border. It made an ideal country for cavalry or light artillery operations. I stopped at one place for a few minutes and ate some black bread and meat I had got at the canteen, and off I went again into the "Great Unknown."

Most people in that country lived in villages, and have their fields all around so there were not many isolated houses. Towards morning, I was going along a creek when I saw some people evidently going to work; they did not see me. There were bushes all along the creek. I came to a house, the people were up, so I went back to a place I had just passed, about twenty young spruce trees on the edge of a large potato and turnip field, overlooking a valley more or less wooded and over-

looking several roads. That was a good point of observation and good cover. I figured this way: They would not look for me amongst those few trees, when there were large tracts of wood all over the neighborhood. I was glad to take off my pack and have a rest. I laid down and slept for nearly an hour and woke up shivering with cold. It was broad daylight by then and raining. I stamped around a bit and got warm again. I saw during the day several motorcycles chasing about the roads. I did not know then that they were looking for me. But I found out several years later that they were; also what happened in the prison camp in the morning when I was missed. Having seen by the letter that Captain Streight received at the card table that I was in the hospital for the night, two of the officers went down to see me early in the morning. There were two wards, one was open the other locked so they called out, "Open the door, Major. How are you this morning." Captain Streight standing round the corner listening and laughing, then the Hospital Orderly came. They asked him to open the door as I was in there. He replied, "No, he is up with Captain Streight." Then the Interpreter of English came along and they opened the door. I was not there. They went in. Captain Streight now appeared. He told them that I was in the hospital, showing them my letter. Then there was a parade called at 8.30 a.m., one-half hour ahead of time. The commandant gave them quite a speech saying I was a fugitive from justice but would soon be caught. He should have said injustice. He evidently did not know me. Late in the day detectives and bloodhounds appeared on the scene. Captain Streight had taken a pair of slippers from a very dirty old Russian officer and put them under my bed, and that was what the bloodhounds got for a start. Some of the officers had cameras and photographed the hounds at work. Captain Streight was examin-

ed but knew nothing. He was later sent to Dresden and there had a court-martial. They could prove nothing so he was acquitted. I was the first morning a little less than ten miles from the camp. An old man and sometimes a boy with him were digging potatoes about seventy-five yards away from my lair. During the day I took off the decorations, rank badges and shoulderstraps from my tunic and buried them. All day I heard heavy artillery practice on the ranges; they had near the Austrian frontier. Toward evening I had some more to eat. Just at dusk I went down to the creek and filled my water bottle and shouldering my pack, started. What would this night bring forth, I wondered.

I went easterly over an open field, crossed a road, got over a creek and some hills and turnip fields. It was cloudy and raining. The moon was not yet up, making it quite dark. I carried a heavy stick that I had cut the night before. Keeping it well ahead of me I managed to feel my way through the darkness without falling. I crossed many fields, once past a very large farm, and at a village there was a mill pond where I again filled my water bottle. I found that after 9:30 p.m. there is never a soul astir in the rural districts of Germany. I came through a little village and over the open field beyond. I was very tired and sat down outside a garden, took a drink out of my bottle and ate some of my meat lozenges. Not long after starting again. I came to a heavy forest. I found my way through it in due time: it was very dark but I finally came into an opening that was evidently being prepared for young trees. After some time I came to a piece of low ground, that had been ploughed very roughly, in fact broken up in chunks and water in all the small holes. I heard wild ducks quacking in several places. I now laid down and tried to sleep but without success. Then after that I came into a solid forest,

laid out in squares, with regular roads through, passed a swamp with open water in the middle and numerous wild ducks. After passing this point it became dawn and I went into a heavy thicket and settled down for the day. I was wet and cold, but I was free—it was great. I made a shelter of spruce boughs. It had rained very hard sometime in the night and was still raining. I laid down part of the day and slept more or less. When cold I walked around in the thicket. I saw several deer, and heard someone shooting, also people talking and chopping wood. I was going to make a fire but everything being so wet I was afraid of the smoke. I had a small pot and oxo cubes with me. At dusk I shouldered my pack and started off through the forest. Now I headed more northerly. I was wet and cold but in good spirits. Wasn't I going home to God's country to get at the Hun again? Rather!

After some time I got out of the forest and came to a small village, which I went around. After passing this village I came to a kind of lake country which I had to go around. There were numbers of wild duck everywhere. I got through after a while and set my course due north. In about an hour I came to another large forest. I proceeded very carefully as usual on the alert. A rotten twig snapped. Then a frightened deer bounded away into the darkness and all was still. In about an hour I heard a few hundred yards to my right a great clatter and rattle and breaking of twigs. I could see nothing but the sound conveyed to me that a great forest tragedy was being enacted. Two bull elks, the monarchs of the forest, were having a battle royal for the supremacy of this constituency of theirs. No graft or whiskey was ever known to influence their elections. Everything is fair and square. The survival of the fittest. It took me nearly all night to get through this forest (still rain, rain, rain), would it never stop? I fin-

ally came out on the other side down through a valley over a creek and through a small village. I was awfully wet and cold and looking for a hay-loft or some outbuilding to stay in the daytime and where I could sleep and be out of the everlasting rain. I was just going to go away when I saw a small building to one side of a farm house and I went over and very cautiously opening the door, went in. There was an awful row, flapping of wings, cackling and scratching. I had unceremoniously stepped in to the harem of a big rooster. Not looking for trouble I apologized and hastily shut the door. I stepped behind the henhouse and waited in some tall weeds but no dog or anyone appeared. I eventually started off again across the road where I found a very small outbuilding near another large forest. It was standing all alone. I got in there terribly tired, lay down and went to sleep. In about an hour I awoke, hearing a noise. It was broad daylight by this time. I looked and saw two elderly women digging potatoes fifty yards away. It struck me they might come into the hut after a while to shelter from the rain, so I got out and climbed up the hillside among the jackpines. On the summit of this hill there was part of a tower with semaphore, an old signal station, where they used to signal from hill to hill before the telegraph came into vogue. It was very old and delapidated. The forest was quite open and I looked around very carefully before proceeding. There were many roads through this wood and women and children with hand-wagons going in every direction. I kept my direction due north. On my left people were chopping and a saw mill was puffing away. I saw some deer. After a while I came to a place in the forest with many piles of brushwood tied into bundles. I fixed up one of these brush piles to suit me and went in. I stayed there all day sleeping part of the time. Many people passed during the day, some on bicycles, on two roads

close by. It was very sandy soil and the forest was all jackpine, none very big. Now all the burberrys and raincoats had been taken away from us in the prison camp and returned, having had shoulder straps with red edgings and rank badges put on, also German brass military buttons. The first day out I took the shoulder straps off the rubber cape I had with me, so this day I tied pieces of an old khaki necktie (that I had brought with me for that purpose) over the brass buttons so that they looked like cloth buttons. At dusk I shouldered my pack again and set off through the forest. I got through about eight o'clock. I came over several fields and there were the lights of a town ahead of me (Spermborg). Between my map, compass and the fingerposts on every road corner and crossroads I always knew exactly where I was. Well, I came close to the town. I met an old man. He said, "Are you going to town?" I replied, "Ja," and went on. I met a man and a woman with a team coming from town. They said, "Guten abend." I replied, "Guten abend," and passed on. I made up my mind I would try an experiment. I had my raincoat on, my packsack on my back (nearly everybody carried a packsack—Ryksack—when travelling on foot) and my long German pipe in my mouth. I went boldly into town. There was a number of people in the streets but I attracted no attention whatsoever. So I went right through the town past the railway station. A policeman was standing in the middle of the road; he had a long sword and a revolver in his belt. Would he speak to me? I did not think so. He looked at me indifferently as I passed, looking more indifferent than I felt. I came out by a mill. It was getting about bedtime then and no one astir. I heard someone fire a revolver, (I believe at night in Germany the police fire first and challenge afterwards). I laid down here for half an hour and

had a rest, awfully wet and tired. Then I started off again.

After crossing a bridge by a mill, I came out on a wide highway. There were big forests on each side of the road for some miles, then farming country. I came through several villages, everything dead, not a dog or any life visible. About three or four o'clock in the morning I began to meet farmers, with wagonloads of farm produce going into Spermburg to market. I got in the ditch or behind the hedge to let them pass. This was the most open country I had struck yet, no trees except in the hedges. I was beginning to wonder where I was going to put in the day. It was not long to daylight, and I saw a village ahead and treetops. I went ahead and found a plantation of Jack Pines about fifteen feet high (very thick) about two or three acres. There was a woven wire fence all around and several big placards outside, "Verboten." Well, not being a German I thought that did not mean me, so I got over the fence and laid down to sleep in the rain. I woke up in about an hour shivering with cold, and there was an awful noise going on. The place was full of pheasants, walking around and flying through the trees. I ate some biscuits and chocolates and made a path about ten yards long, and walked backwards and forwards until I got warm. Then I laid down to sleep until I got cold and so on all day. Numbers of people passed close to me from time to time, but no one saw me. At dusk I set out again, wet and footsore, my shoulders awfully sore carrying that packsack, and by this time raincoat and packsack with contents were soaked: my matches in the rubber sponge bag were damp, but I had some in my marble safety match box quite dry. Things looked bad but such only breeds more determination.

I kept on, however, following the highway past forests and fields, big trees on each side of the

road; I saw several deer and hares. About nine o'clock I came to Ketbus, quite a large town. I walked right through the place, saw a number of soldiers, police, etc., but attracted no attention whatever. I got out of the place before ten o'clock and was looking for a place to fill my waterbottle. I at last came to a creek. I was so awfully tired that I lay down on the grass before I filled my water bottle. I had only been there a few minutes when I thought I noticed two men watching me from across the road. I laid still for a while and then got up and walked off quite unconcerned. I had not gone very far till I noticed them following me. It was all open country, no cover except darkness. I thought it was strange that they should do that and not otherwise interfere with me, so I got tired of this, turned around and walked back. They turned also and ran. I ran after them for about fifty yards and then got in the ditch. I listened for a minute or so and still heard them running, so I went back the other way, again walking in the ditch for about fifty yards. I was awfully tired, footsore and weary. I finally came to a large forest. There was a house on the right side of the road. I went in around the house looking for a well to fill my waterbottle, but found none. I had just started to walk again when I heard my two old friends talking. Just at this time I felt some pebbles under my feet the size of pigeons' eggs. I stooped down, got a handful and threw them into the bush beyond the men. I got off the road into the bush. After a few minutes they began firing their pistols into the bush, where the pebbles had made a noise in falling; which was my intent, but they never spoke to me or challenged. Then I heard them talking together. I expect the first time I met them (about eight miles back) they went somewhere to get firearms.

Well, I set my course through the forest. I knew they could not follow me, nor did I think they were

very anxious to go into the bush after me. In half an hour or so there were big doings. About twelve to fifteen hounds were let loose. I started for the River Spree. I knew from the map that it was not very far away. Anyhow it seemed to me that the hounds never got on my tracks, as hounds cannot track in the rain, but it was quite possible they would find me being so many. After half an hour or so I came to the river. It was very small and I got across. I laid down on a little hill under some jackpines, absolutely exhausted and fell asleep. I woke up in half an hour terribly cold, as usual. Those men were not after me in my own capacity, but my being around some power station where I was looking for water made them, no doubt, think I was someone wanting to do some damage to the property. I found out several years later that there also was a large prisoner of war camp in that place. After a while I started North again. I came out of the forest and then there was a forest and field alternately. As it was getting daylight I came to a creek and crossed to the other side where there were some bushes and a few small heaps of hay close by. The whole country was low and wet. I took a couple of armfuls of hay and made a bed in the bushes and went to sleep for about three hours, the first time I had slept since I had left the prison camp and had not wakened shivering with the cold, or slept over an hour at one time. A dog that was sent after some cows close to me, saw me and set up a howl that woke me up. In about half an hour's time he got tired and walked away, looking back fiercely. Then there was someone shooting partridges a few hundred yards away across the creek. Then the people from the farm close by came along the road one hundred and fifty yards away, going to church apparently, it being Sunday. At about 4 p.m. it did not rain so hard as usual and some children started to move about. I was afraid to be seen

there, so I got up, took my pack and went across country. It is a common thing in those parts to see people cut across country from point to point, so I attracted no attention. In the summer-time when the grain or corn is growing in the fields, the opposite is the case. A very large hospital train also passed during the afternoon.

It was now raining heavily again. I got out on the main road going north. There were very few people about on account of the heavy rain. I wore the raincoat outside my packsack and had the so'wester on. I had previously noticed that several people wore the same kind of rubber cape (no sleeves), also a so'wester, and with the long German pipe in my mouth I looked in keeping with the custom of the country. I met some people on bicycles. I came along by quite a large lake; there were boathouses, boats and fish boxes. Outside one of these houses a man started to speak to me. I had already made up my mind what to do in such cases, so I said, "The doctor has forbidden me to speak, sore throat." I said that in such a hoarse voice as though I could hardly speak. No one would detect a foreign accent in that kind of talk. I had a big woollen scarf around my neck. The man nodded, saying, "Ja, Ja," and I passed on through a fair sized town right ahead. Anyone that might speak to me asking the road, asking for a match, or what time it was, etc., I always told them the same story, that the doctor would not allow me to speak, sore throat. If anyone insisted on talking, I just shook my head and passed on, that satisfied them all. I passed a few policemen and soldiers but they never spoke to me, nor I to them. I just walked ordinarily along, not in any hurry, stopped for a moment and looked into a store window now and again as I noticed other people did. Never looked suspiciously around—just acted naturally. I knew if I lost my nerve it would be all up with me. If I thought that anyone

looked at me too much I walked slower, lit my pipe, etc. Going through this town I saw a number of bicycle shops. It struck me that perhaps it would be a good idea to buy one. I had as yet all my money (250 marks) intact, and I saw in several windows bicycles for sale, about 120 marks for a



A FIRST CLASS HOTEL IN GERMANY

pretty good one and by riding a bicycle one had a better chance to keep out of conversation with anyone and many people I met on the road were riding a wheel. I was footsore and my pack was pretty heavy but I kept plodding on. On coming out of this town, it was getting near evening. I saw on a large fingerpost, "Frankfort." That suited me all right, so I kept on the highway. I did not meet many people, it rained so heavily. I shortly came to a big forest on both sides of the road; it took me hours to pass through it. I was awfully tired, footsore and sleepy, so I went off the road and lay down in the rain and slept nearly an

hour; woke up shivering as usual and almost too stiff to rise off the ground. I started off again, the direction did not suit me, a little too easterly, but I knew I was on the main road to Frankfurt. So I kept on. I finally got through the forest and out into the open country. It was raining and a heavy wind blowing. I was awfully exhausted about this time and seriously considered going back into the woods close behind me to lie down for awhile, but then, if I did not keep going I would never get anywhere, so I kept on. After a while I came to a crossroad with the usual fingerposts, one said, "Guben 4 kilometres." The main road there went quite easterly, so I left it not wanting to go through any large town in the middle of the night, and took the road to my left, being more northerly. After some time I came through a village and out over a very rough piece of country. It rained and blew awfully: I had just about gone the limit of human endurance. I had noticed a little distance back a small, isolated farm, so I went back there and sneaked into the stable. It took me some time to find a dry match. Then I saw there was one goat, one calf, two pigs and two cows. It was very warm there, the place being so small. I laid down and slept for about three hours. It was then 4.30 a.m. I was afraid to stay in any longer as the people get up very early to feed the cattle, and I did not want them to come and find they had an extra animal to feed. I set off again, quite refreshed by my sleep and rest but awfully wet.

Since passing through so many places and having met so many people without attracting attention, I began to think seriously about changing my mode of travel. After a good deal of consideration of possibilities, I made up my mind to go into Guben and buy a bicycle or a railway ticket as circumstances would warrant. I went back about three miles to the crossroads I had left in the night, and turned to the left, and soon came into a forest on

both sides of the road. Several people were passing with loads of farm produce for the market in Guben. It was getting daylight so as I did not want to go into the town too early, I went into the forest about half a mile away from the town and overhauled my things. Everything I had in the shape of English marks, printed matter on chocolate wrappers, etc., I did away with. I had already partly done this the first day out, but on going over again very carefully, I found English print on my two meat lozenge boxes, so I scraped the paper off. I still had a German-English dictionary, but I had an explanation for that. Here is where I realized the complete failure of one of my arrangements of my otherwise well-laid plans. I had by false pretences, I am sorry to say, in the prison camp, procured a small bottle of peroxide of hydrogen; bought an extra toothbrush for the purpose and intended to bleach my hair and beard. I had by this time applied the dope for several days without results, so I threw it away here. I am afraid that hairdressing is rather beyond me. I can safely say that this was the only failure I made in all my plans and arrangements for my escape. I did not know till after I got back to England that a few drops of ammonia in the peroxide is necessary for results. At about 9 o'clock a.m. I went boldly into the town. I was attracting no attention whatever (raining as usual). I found a shop such as workmen would patronize. I had a story made up to suit as follows: I said I was a Swede—Peter Janson; I had been in America fifteen years, principally Crookston, Minnesota. I had a great German friend and partner in business for ten years—Hans Schmidt. I had moose hunting and duck shooting pictures to show of our sporting trips in Minnesota. In one of them was his photograph with other men in a shooting camp. He had no living relative in Germany that I knew of. I used to point out Dan Baker, a railway contractor from

Edmonton, as Hans Schmidt standing in the doorway of a tent. I wonder if it will be safe for me to meet Dan Baker again. A year before the war we came to Germany (we had made some money in America) and were going to look around and have a sort of rest. We had done a little work here and there, not much though. We were in Switzerland. We were having a good time when the war came on and my good friend Hans Schmidt was called up and a short time ago he was killed in the Argonne. It had worried me so that I had had brain fever and could remember nothing much of where I had been or what I had done since. My not being able to speak German very well, he had done all our business and had all our papers—except my passport. That left me a Swede, in a very bad position, a stranger in a strange land in time of war. No papers and very little money. Could not speak German very well. My wife and children were in Copenhagen; the children were in school there, my wife being a Dane. I also had two letters written in Danish to myself supposed to be from my wife in Copenhagen, setting forth a very plausible story, wanting me to come there and go back to America, etc. These were the only papers of any kind that would have been found on me in case of arrest and everything in them was written with that end in view. Now as I never was arrested, I never used them or showed them to anybody. But as to that Swede story, I told it or part of it, as occasions demanded to everyone I spoke to, in order to explain my broken German language and my presence in Germany, and I never at any time met with the slightest suspicion. In fact I told it so often I almost believed it myself. I could tell it so pitiful that some people nearly wept in sympathy. I also posed as a very strong German sympathizer, praising the Germans very much and obtaining military information this way. It would not do for me to try and pass for a Dane, as no

nation hates the Germans as the Danes do and they know it.

I went into this shop, it was kept by two middle-aged women. I bought a black oilskin raincoat, such as I saw a great many people wear. I was not quite satisfied with my rubber cape with no sleeves, also after it got dry, the colour might perhaps attract attention. I noticed many people carried umbrellas, so I bought one, also a soft checkered tourist cap and a nickel watch chain and a pair of woollen gloves. (I was wearing my so'wester). It took me a long time to buy all these things. No one else came into the shop while I was there. First of all they did not seem a bit surprised at hearing my broken German (that surprised me). When I told them I was a Swede, and the unfortunate position I was in, they were very sympathetic and when they heard of me being from America and conditions there as to financial successes in trade, etc., they became very excited about going there after the war, and wanted to know many things. Now what I was after was to get some information as to my prospects of travelling by train. As part of my misfortunes as a stranger in a strange land in time of war, I told them I came from Gorlitz near the Bohemian frontier and had to show my passport when buying a ticket, and on various occasions had my pockets searched for papers, and was very indignant about it. They told me it must have been on account of the proximity of the Austrian frontier. That was done in the neighborhood of all frontiers now, in war time, but nowhere else and that they themselves had travelled on the trains more or less lately on business and never saw anyone having to produce their passports anywhere, either when buying their tickets or any other occasions. That was just what I wanted to know. I told them I was going to Frankfurt to look for somebody. They told me what

time the train left for Frankfurt (not for quite a while) and advised me to go and get a ticket and come back and talk to them till train time: they wanted to hear some more about America. I said I would. I left and went about half a mile outside the town in the thick jackpines, took my issue raincoat off, spread it out on the ground, then I opened my wet packsack and took out everything I could do without. All my oxo-cubes, my little enamelled pot, my issue water bottle, a khaki shirt, various odds and ends that I could do without when travelling by train or did not want to be seen with. I wrapped it all up in the rain coat and buried it right there in the sandy soil. I had taken the lower pockets off my tunic in the morning before entering the town. I then put on my new raincoat and soft cap, shouldered my knapsack and took my umbrella in my hands and German pipe in my mouth as per usual. I went boldly to the station and asked in my best German for a single ticket to Frankfurt, third class. I gave the man at the wicket a note; he gave me the change and a ticket, and voluntarily told me when the train left for Frankfurt. I thanked him and went out. I went right through the crowd and attracted no attention whatever. I bought some Pears from a woman there, sat down on a bench and ate them. After a time I took a walk round the town, calling at the shop where I had bought my things and gave them my address—Pete Jansen, bricklayer,² Crookston, Minnesota, U.S.A. Some mail must be there for me by now. Please forward. I went to the station in good time. Just as I got there a military band and a big procession came along; conscripts going to some garrison town elsewhere. They were in mufti and all carrying parcels. All the spectators were singing and shouting, "Hoch der Kaiser." As I could not stand there in the dense crowd and attract attention by doing nothing, I swung my cap in the air and said something in English that sound-

ed the same as Hoch der Kaiser but not very complimentary to the aforesaid Kaiser (although I would have liked to choke him). On the principle that when you are in Rome you must at least appear to do as the Romans do. It turned out to be the same train that I was going on, with so many cars in front reserved for these conscripts. Shortly after dark, we arrived at Frankfurt, on the River Oder. I walked out of the station with the crowd, gave up my ticket at the gate. The place was crowded, there were numbers of military and civil policemen everywhere. The military police have M.P. on a band on their arm the same as ours. I looked neither to the right or left, but walked through into the town the same as if I was well acquainted there. I got into the middle of the old town, where they were mounting a captured Russian gun (obsolete), great crowds were around it. I asked some cab drivers by the square what time the west train left. They did not know. I walked around a bit and went into a restaurant. An elderly man and woman were sitting there talking. I got a meal and a bottle of beer. This was the first regular meal I had had since I left the prison camp. I told the woman at the restaurant that I was a Swede, and had been in America, etc., and on my way to Berlin on business. She did not know about the trains. By this time I had made up my mind to take the train to near the Danish frontier over Hamburg, buying tickets for short stages, as I figured long distance tickets might excite suspicion. So I went back to the station and found there was a very late train to Berlin. I got this information from some soldiers, who were standing outside the station; that led into conversation of course. I told them just enough of my Swede-American story to fit the occasion and they were very much interested. They told me that they had been at all the fronts and hinted that there was going to be something big doing soon. Of

course I dammed the English and the Allies up and down and lauded the Germans to the skies. How proud the people of Sweden and America were of the German. That in particular made them in a boastful way tell me everything they knew, without my asking them any direct questions. I was very careful about that point as right beside us in large letters was written, "Soldiers beware of spies, especially women spies. Do not discuss military matters with strangers. Be loyal to the Fatherland." They were. They told me everything they knew without my asking any direct questions. These placards were posted up in every railway station and many other public places all over Germany, in very large letters. They also talked amongst themselves of movements of masses of troops, heavy guns, etc. towards the Servian frontier. All the German soldiers I met on the trains, stations or anywhere told me the same thing, about having been at all the fronts, etc. I got a late train to Berlin and managed to get a seat. I do not think this was a regular train. I slept most of the way and arrived at Berlin at daylight. There were a great many military police all over the station. I walked through them all unconcerned and attracted no attention whatever, got into a cab, told the driver I was getting a west train in about two hours. I had found out on the train I came on when the Wittenberg train left. I also told him enough of the Swede-American story to fit the occasion. I said I had never been in Berlin before and for him to take me around. Unter den Linden or any place and for him to bring me back to the right station ten minutes before my train left. He said, "Ja wohl," and off we went. Considering the early hours, there were a number of people about, everybody's face had a serious look. You could hardly see a smile anywhere. There were a number of soldiers about the streets. I never got out of the cab. I did not drive a nail in the great

Hindenburg statue, as I did not want to be too fresh in Kaiser Bill's home town, although I felt quite safe here as no German would expect me to visit Bill's home town under the circumstances. The cabdriver took me to the station in good time and I bought a ticket for Wittenburg, about one third of the way to Hamburg. I could not get a seat but stood in the corridor with many others. Even officers stood in corridors. I got into conversation as much as I dared, my having been a sportsman in America appealed to them all, and seeing several kinds of game from the train was the beginning of that kind of conversation. I being very sympathetic with the Germans and a Swede, they in their boastful way told me everything they knew or boasted about it among themselves in my presence, so that anything they knew, I knew also. At this time or at any other time, while travelling by train anywhere in Germany, I had on my long black raincoat and soft tourist cap. Everybody else in the train wore raincoats or overcoats. Soldiers wore their greatcoats as it was quite cold and rained all the time: it was October. On arriving at Wittenburg, I got out and walked about the town, not a great many soldiers, everybody busy. Women working at almost anything; nobody in mufti, but old men and young boys (all over Germany the same). I went into a store and bought a soft collar and talked to the woman in charge and told her my Swede-American story. She told me I could not buy bread without tickets from the police. I pretended to know that. She gave me two tickets and was very friendly. I told her I was on my way to Hamburg to visit my sister—she was married to a German officer. Several people have asked me, "Why did you lie like this?" Well, having a sister married to a German officer gives one quite a standing in Germany; besides, why waste good truth on Huns? I got back to the station rather late. I was

afraid I would miss the train, there were so many people waiting to buy tickets. They sell tickets all day, not for a few minutes before the train leaves as they do in England and elsewhere. There was a big fat railroad official in uniform standing there. I told him I was a Swede, could not talk good German and was afraid I would miss the train to— (cannot remember the name of the town) a small place between Wittenberg and Hamburg. I got the name off the map.) "Would he please get me a ticket," and I handed him a ten mark note. He was very friendly and went over to the wicket, pushed everybody aside and said, "Give me a ticket for this Swede, single. Get a move on." He brought me my ticket and change. I gave him a mark and he was very much pleased and so was I. He then took me by the arm and hustled me through the crowd in quick time out of the door and pointing to the train said, "No. 2 platform; run." I did and got on board the train just barely in time. I could not help but laugh. If that fellow had only known who I was he would have taken a still firmer grip of my arm no doubt. I did not get a seat this time either, but stood in the corridor and talked to the other travellers with the same results as in the morning. It is quite easy to get information out of the ordinary Germans. All you have to do is to flatter them and the Fatherland and they will do all the rest, especially if you take care not to ask any direct or pointed questions. Of course, I made it my business to get all the information I could; either by conversation or by observation.

Now by this time I began to think that my only difficulty would be the Kiel Canal and the Danish frontier. I expected I could travel by train over the Kiel Canal but was not sure. If I was sure I could not; I intended to sneak on board a freight train, a load of hay or a wagon of some kind and get over the canal that way. I also knew that I



ON FRENCH LEAVE IN GERMANY

could not travel by train close to the Danish frontier. As I was thinking about these things, I saw two railway officials in uniform, one with a pencil and pad, the other asking questions; going from one compartment to the next along the train. It struck me, "This is the beginning of the end." But I had no intention to give up without a last effort, so I prepared to jump off the train. There was a great deal of cover at this point and if I did not break my neck jumping, I considered my prospects fairly good, but I was going to find out definitely what these men were after before I did anything, so I went down the corridor and met them and listened to what they were doing, and was much pleased to find out that they were just checking up soldiers on leave, travelling on the train. I can safely say that **I was the only soldier on leave (French) on that train that they did not check up.** I did not feel inclined to report myself. In all my travels by different trains or at railway stations throughout Germany, I never saw civilians being asked for papers or passports nor did anyone ask me till I was north of Flensburg in Schleswig and was walking—but that will come later. ;

We arrived at a small town about half way between Wittenburg and Hamburg, to where I had bought my ticket. I found out we stopped ten minutes. It was a divisional point. I got out in the crowd, went outside the station, came right back and bought a ticket for Hamburg. Got on board the same train only in a different part. I did not get a seat but stood in the corridor again and got into conversation with the usual result. I saw by the information I had obtained from so many sources that Serbia was hanging in the balance. At some places along the railway, women, some twenty or thirty of them with picks and shovels, were keeping the line in repair and shovelling coal at the stations; women everywhere were working in the fields. I also saw at one place a work party of

some ten or twelve Russian prisoners working under a guard. During the day I had two meals of chocolate and biscuits and a couple of meat lozenges. Of course I could get all the water I wanted on the train. There was in the compartment a noisy crowd of sailors returning from leave to Wilhelmshaven. Several were intoxicated and very rough. I wanted very much to get into conversation with them but did not think it wise under the circumstances, so I moved farther away from them up the corridor. What they were going to do to the English fleet was not worth listening to. If I had given them my opinion on the subject, there would have been a rough house, and I would no doubt have come out second best as there is safety in numbers. After dark we arrived at Hamburg. I walked out of the station as usual after having given up my ticket at the gate, and went to the outskirts of the city. I knew a little about the place, having been there for four days, two years previous on my way from Paris, via Brussels to Denmark. I found a little plain hotel, went in and got a room, told them part of my Swede-American story, registered Peter Jansen, bricklayer, Lubeck. I had a good meal and went to bed, the second regular meal I had since I left the prison camp. I got up in the morning quite early, before daylight, having previously found out about a train going north to Rendsburg, immediately north of the Kiel Canal. I told the people I was going there on account of it being on the canal. That would bring the conversation on to the canal, if there were any difficulties in crossing. So I found out in a round about manner that no one was asked for passports or papers crossing the canal. That was just what I was after. So I went to the station and bought a ticket for Flensburg in Schleswig. The train left before daybreak. I calculated there was a good deal of shipping from Flensburg

to Denmark, back and forwards it being only a few miles across.

It was lucky that I did not attempt to go any further north by rail, as I found that north of Flensburg (about fifty miles south of the boundary) no one could travel anywhere without being asked for papers. I also thought that I might get out on the Island of Alsen close by and steal a boat or get some fisherman to take me across. In this connection I might say that one of my plans in the summer, when there were three or four of us going together, was to walk across Germany at night, get a boat and cross over in the night to the Island of Fehmern in the Baltic, north of Lubeck, get another boat and cross over in the night to the Island of Laaland in Denmark, only twelve miles across. We could have done it in a few hours and as there is no tide on the Baltic and plenty of fog at that time of year; and it would only be a case of extraordinary bad luck if we were run down or picked up by a German naval patrol. Well, I started out from Hamburg. I got a seat in the train. This was not a vestibule train, but the old fashioned cars, side entrance. Among others there was an elderly woman sitting opposite me. I got into conversation with her and found that she was a Dane but a German subject. Her husband was in the army on the western front. She was very indignant that her husband had to fight for Germany. She told me that the Crown Prince had, a few days previous, lost 160,000 men in four days in a battle in France. She also told me that there were a great many Danish people from Hamburg north, the percentage increasing as we came north, and that north of Flensburg they were nearly all Danes and that everybody was in a bad way having to fight for Germany. So that being the case I travelled as a Dane after that. You have heard about a quick change artist. Well, that was me

that time, from Swedish to Danish nationality as quick as you could bat an eye.

Well nothing happened till we got to the Kiel Canal, where the train stopped and gendarmes came aboard with pistols. There was one to nearly every passenger. They pulled the curtains down over the windows and watched everyone close, and so we proceeded over the canal. I managed to get a glimpse out by pretending to be asleep, but did not see as much as I would have liked. A gendarme with a revolver came and looked keenly at me but said nothing. At Rensburg, just over the canal, the gendarmes left, having prevented us all from seeing anything. I don't think. The train proceeded north and I looked my things over again and amongst other things I threw out of the window my English-German dictionary. I was now a Dane. We arrived at Flensburg about noon. I go out of the station as usual, went down to the waterfront as if I knew the place. Went into a restaurant and got a meal and a bottle of beer. Outside was a Danish motorship unloading a whole cargo of cheese. I left my pack at the restaurant and went over and talked to the skipper. There were German soldiers standing about, talking Danish, home on leave from the front. They had also been at all the fronts. When home on leave a great many deserted over to Denmark. I talked to the skipper about his motor; I was an expert and would like to see it. He took me to the engine room where we were alone. I told him that I wanted to go back to Denmark, having lost my papers. He would be very glad to take me, but was afraid as the Germans kept very close watch all the time and searched the boat before leaving and their patrol boats often overhauled him outside the harbour. So I told him if there was any chance of getting him into trouble, that I would not consider it. I would find some other way of getting home. Then I went to a public bath, the first time

I had had a bath except with my clothes on, since I had left the prison camp. I went back and got my pack and talked to a great many people, nearly all Danes. They told me I could not travel on the railway north of there at all, without showing my papers every once in a while and on the roads one was liable to be held up for papers. Gendarmes everywhere; very encouraging. I went into a shop and bought some sausage and cheese and set out due north across country. This was towards evening and I did not get far the first day. I stayed at a roadside inn—Danish people. They treated me well, gave me good meals evening and morning and a nice bed and charged me very little. They asked me no questions and I signed no register. They had two sons at the front, very sick of the war, of course. I started off in the morning across country, the whole country was hilly, a great number of small woods and hedges, plenty of cover, and many people went across country. Quite a few gendarmes went up and down the road on bicycles. Outside several towns I came past, there was a rattle of machine gun practice. It was a very favorable country for my purpose as nearly all the people were Danes and friendly. But all officials, military or otherwise, were Prussians. There were Russian prisoners working on most of the farms, many had escaped over to Denmark during the summer, some got shot, others captured, but most of them got away safely. This I found out from the local people. They also told me everything I wanted to know about local and general conditions of military importance. I made it appear that I asked these things from idle curiosity. I went into houses from time to time to get a drink of water and information, or into the roadside inns to get a bottle of beer. I noticed it was only once in a very great while that I saw a flagpole outside a house and I kept away from these houses, as I figured out that they were Germans as the Danish

population could not fly the Danish flag and would not fly the German. On enquiry I found that my theory was correct; they all told me not to go near a house with a flagpole. I told everybody there that I was a bricklayer wanting to go home. I had lost my papers. One place they wanted me to work at a new house under construction. I got out of it by saying that I was afraid the Germans would come and want to see my papers and that I had lost my tools.

Chapter XX

HELD UP BY GERMAN SOLDIERS

In the middle of the afternoon I crossed a road. Nearly all roads there have live hedges, mostly hazel, some thorns and I ran right into a big German gendarme off duty, picking hazel nuts. He asked me where I was going; I told him to the next town for a veterinary surgeon, as we had a sick horse. I talked Danish to him, which he did not understand; so I talked German to him; my poor German of course fitted in all right in Schleswig. He wanted to see my papers. I fumbled in my pockets and said, "Are there many nuts?" "Yes," he said, "but not as many as there were two weeks ago". Then he mentioned something more about those papers. I said, "You don't come from this part of the country. You are from the south?" "Yes," he replied, with a certain pride, "I'm from Silesia." I said, "I thought so, I have been there and it is a far nicer country than this." He was very pleased about that, but he hinted more about those papers. I said, "You have some great forests in Silesia and great sawmills." We talked about that for a while. He hinted again about my papers. I said: "You have deep snow in Silesia?" "Yes," he said, holding his hand out over the ground, "about so high," (three feet). Then he

gave me a handful of nuts and I went away. He was in more danger than I was. I was ready for anything, he was not. I expect the reason he did not insist any further was that it was such an unheard of thing to have no papers in those parts in wartime. The local people told me that anyone over twelve years old could not go across the road without papers. The troops on duty all over the country were from Silesia or the Rhine, and nearly all old men and unfit for the firing line at the front. Near evening on nearing a village I saw German soldiers there. I met a little boy and he told me that there were sixteen men and a Corporal stationed in the village (Rode Kro—Red Inn) or equivalent to the Red Lion so popular in England). So I went around the place and came just as darkness set in to a roadside inn beyond the village. The people were very friendly. I was just making arrangements for the night, when a German soldier came in from the village that I went around. He sat down and looked me over. I asked him if he would have a bottle of beer and a cigar. He said "Ya," and we got drinking. He wanted to see my papers. I said they are in my pack there in the corner. "Have another glass of beer." "Ja, Ja," he replied. And after a while he was feeling pretty gay and forgot all about my papers. I am sorry to say I spilt some cigar ashes in his beer when he was looking out of the window, at my instigation—very careless of me. Soon after he went staggering down the road singing. Orderly room for him in the morning, no doubt. The people told me that there were sixteen men and a corporal stationed in that village, the same as the boy had told me and that there were small garrisons in all the villages north on account of so many Russian prisoners working on the farms. They gave me a good supper, bed and breakfast. They had three sons at the front, one lad of seventeen at home had a stiff arm but had received notice

to hold himself in readiness at any time. The old man was fifty years; he also expected to have to go soon. How those people did hate the Germans. But they were helpless. Many deserted over to Denmark, but if they had property, they lost it and could never come back to their people again. They told me, I forget now how many from Schleswig had fallen in France, Belgium, and Russia in the war. These people's sympathies are all with the Allies. That makes them hate the German so much more, being compelled to fight against what they think is right. It was very sad to listen to these unfortunate people talking, I understanding their situation only too well.

This country was of great historic interest to me. I passed many old battlefields of the long ago where the Danes and the Germans had met in mortal combat. My heart beat faster when I came to those particular battlefields on which my father and my uncles on my mother's side had fought the Germans in 1848-49-50; and one uncle, who was still alive at the time, in the unfortunate war of 1864. I saw him later. He wanted to know if I had seen such and such a place. "Yes," I replied. The old man was deeply moved with much feeling, said, "I have many a true comrade buried there." And he would tell me of some of his experiences connected with the places I had seen. I remember as a little boy, he used to take me on his knees and tell me the same stories, and I would say to him, "Wait till I get big, uncle, and I will go and beat the Germans." When I came away, the old man said very solemnly, "I wish I was young again and could go with you."

I was now about twenty-five miles south of the international boundary. I started out across country about daylight in the morning (I forgot my Balaclava woollen cap here) and was very careful not to meet any gendarmes or soldiers. The country being very hilly, wooded, big hedges, and small

fields, etc., I succeeded in not being seen. I sat down in a small piece of wood about noon and ate something and drank a bottle of beer I had brought with me from the Inn. After a while I started off again across country. About dusk I came to a small house alongside a big farm. I asked a woman who was outside for a drink of water. She asked me inside. She had five children and her mother to keep. Her husband was at the front. The German government gave her sixty-three marks a month, she was taking in serving to help out. She insisted that I should have supper which I did and gave her a couple of marks which she took very reluctantly. They asked me no questions but could hear from my dialect that I was from the Island of Funen. All over Germany and Denmark there is a different dialect every few miles in fact it is so bad that anybody who has never been away from home has trouble in conversing with people, say 50 miles away. I was now only about six miles from the boundary. I was heading for a little town called Frorup that was about a mile from the line. I went across country. It was raining and blowing. I got into a low sort of meadowland, small holdings, two, four, and six acres each, all fenced in with barbed wire, which impeded my progress. It was very dark. However, I soon got on higher ground. I came to a farmhouse, knocked on the door. A man came and spoke to me. I asked the direction to Frorup, just as an excuse to get talking. He told me just to wait a few minutes as he was going that way; that he did not live in this house. I waited awhile, in the meantime another man came to the door. I started to talk to him, in Danish of course. He never answered and I thought it strange. Then a girl came out from another part of the house, the light shining out and I saw I had been talking to one of the Silesian soldiers billeted there. He was quite a young fellow, the only one I had seen; the others on duty

through Schleswig were all men pretty well up in years. He started to talk to the girl. While the people in these parts are practically all Danes, they are compelled to learn German in school. About this time the man I was waiting for came back and we went away. He knew from my dialect where in Denmark I came from, and being this close to the boundary, he had a pretty good idea that I wanted to cross. I also knew by his dialect that he was a Swede from Shaane, just across the Sound from Copenhagen. He told me that he had lived there for quite a number of years; that he was not a German citizen, hence they could not conscript him. He was about forty years old. I asked him what was the attitude in Sweden. He said that the royalty, most of the nobility and some of the commercial people were pro-German, but the people as a whole, or about ninety per cent. were very much anti-German. He was very indignant about this, saying that those ten per cent make the world in general believe that Sweden is solidly pro-German. Saying, "Some of these pro-German countrymen of mine ought to come over here and live for a few years and then see how long they would remain pro-Germans." He went with me over a mile. He said there were two lines of sentries all along the frontier, but he thought they had more on the roads, also that there were a good number going across, mostly Russian prisoners and deserters from the German army and a few Scandinavians; some got shot, several got recaptured and some got safely through. About four months ago, he said, there were about twelve hundred Russians that got over the boundary in one month, so they were much stricter since; they only had a single line of sentries then. Now they had two lines of sentries right across the Peninsula and extra ones on the roads. This was not very encouraging, but I had in the past fooled many a moose, bull elk and big buck who can smell, hear and see much better than the

best Hun sentry that ever ate sauer kraut. So I can't say I was particularly worried. I just had to go through them that is all. We were walking on a field road. He said we must not go on the main road, but go around the field, as at that house (he pointed to a house just barely visible in the darkness) the Germans had an ammunition depot, and a guard who held up everybody who passed on the road. He went with me across this field, told me where to get the road, and said it was quite safe to keep the road right through town, that there were no sentries till I came to the boundary, nearly a kilometre beyond the town. Then I asked him to give me the name of somebody to ask for in case I got held up. He did but said it would be unnecessary. I thanked him very much for his services and he very reluctantly took a few marks, after some persausion on my part. He said he was only too glad to help anyone get away from that cursed German rule. He wished he could get away but he had property. So we parted. It was now nearly ten o'clock p.m. I started on the road for town; everybody was in bed. Two cyclists with lamps came up behind me. I got in behind a hedge, they passed; they were Silesian soldiers. I came right through the village. Not a sound, light or dog in evidence. A short distance beyond the village I came to a small house by the roadside. All the houses in those parts were built alike: one story high. So I had a good idea where the bedroom was. I knocked at the bedroom window and an old man asked what I wanted.

I asked for this man whose name I had got from my recent friend, just for an excuse to talk. He said I had passed the place: it was near the creamery at the other end of the village. He could tell by my accent what part of Denmark I came from, and said, "You are not going to cross the border tonight, surely?" I said I had an immigration pass.

He said I could not cross at night with any ki

a pass, but advised me to go to the Inn, get the people up and stay there all night. He said it was only ten minutes walk to the boundary from there. That was just what I wanted to know. I thanked him very much and off I went. It was a most ticklish situation and had to be faced. I heard that most anyone getting across the frontier did not follow any roads, so I calculated to do that safely, I would have to lose a day lying in some woods close by, and observe the sentries and find out exactly where the frontier and the sentries were located in order to stalk them successfully at night. But by following the road, I would know by the Custom House the exact location of the boundary and not lose a day, as I was very anxious to get to Copenhagen to the British Embassy as soon as possible to report all the information I had obtained en route. I felt it my duty to risk anything to do so, so I decided for the road. It was raining and blowing hard. I walked for about five minutes along the road, then I was in behind the hedge (hazel and thorns) on the side that the rain and wind came from; took off my black raincoat and put it in my packsack. I walked very carefully behind the hedge until I came in sight of the Customs House with the flagpole outside. I crept up cautiously and saw at once that they were using it as a guard room; the soldiers were talking inside. I sneaked across the road and in behind the hedge on the other side. I was trying to locate the sentry. I looked very close all over but could find no sentry. This was getting interesting, so I got through an opening in the hedge and walked very cautiously along the left side of the road. I nearly fell over the sentry sound asleep. I just touched his foot; he moved. I quickly stepped back a couple of paces, and sat down against the hedge. I was on the right and a little behind him. There was a slight turn in the hedge. He woke up, shook himself, took his elec-

tric light, flashed it up and down the road and settled himself down again. It was lucky for him; as I was always ready for any emergency. One has to be to succeed under such circumstances. When I struck the sentry's foot, I hesitated for a second or two. What instantly came to my mind was this: (in German of course), "Asleep on your post, eh! Give me that rifle. To the guardroom; march!" It being so awfully dark and him half asleep, he would no doubt have been so flabbergasted that he would have handed me the rifle without hesitation, and he would have had an awful accident. But all's well that ends well. The heavy rain and the excessive darkness were much in my favor on this memorable night. I just sat there and took off my boots and put another pair of socks over those I already had on and put my boots in my packsack, which I should have done sooner. No harm could come to me here as I had a private sentry, even though he was asleep. I went back through the opening in the fence across the road behind the Customs House, went into the field and got into the road again ahead of the sleeping sentry. I walked very slowly, watching every inch of the ground, kept down as low as I could, so if any sentry was across the road lying in the ditch, he could not see me silhouetted against the hedge, as it was too dark to see me direct. In a few minutes I met a sentry on the same side of the road; I walked backwards, and he followed slowly a few yards away. When he came to the end of his beat he turned about the other way. Then I got up within two yards of him, followed him very carefully, watched the slightest move on his part. When he got to the end of his beat and made the slightest inclination of turning, I stepped quietly into the ditch, about eighteen inches deep, and he passed me about six inches away. I let him go just a few yards past and carefully got up and stalked the next two

sentries, whom I passed in the same way, one at a time. Then I came to a trench dug across the road. I knew that I had passed all the sentries or rather that they had all passed me. I could not help it; they should have been more careful looking after the interests of the Fatherland. I could now see the Danish Custom House. Then I got into the trench about four feet deep. I saw no one ahead of me. I started very carefully to get out of the trench and came in contact with a wire attached to a small bell. The bell rang just barely noticeable and a sentry came up. In the meantime I went hurriedly to my left and laid down flat in the bottom of the trench. The sentry looked over the trench to the front of him and not to the sides. The bell ringing so little made him think no doubt it was the wind and the rain that made this slight disturbance. He went quickly away and I got busy with the wires. I very carefully got over some and under some. I found there was seventy-five or one one hundred wires tangled up every way, about eight feet high and twelve feet wide. When the sentry came my way I laid still. When he went away, I got busy again. It took me about fifteen minutes to get through, having to watch the sentry so closely; he was never more than forty yards away; and had to go very slow and careful not knowing if there was any more bells. Every time the sentry came back I had to lie still. One thing went greatly in my favor, that it was not barbed wire but telephone wire. Well, I got through without a mishap, except losing my electric light in the wires (I had bought it in Flensburg), also my long German pipe.

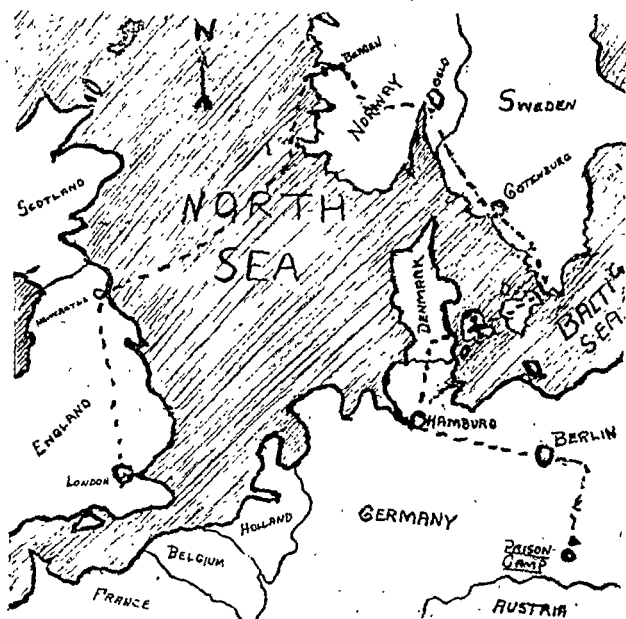
Chapter XXI

GOOD BY GERMANY

I was now clear of Germany. But as I did not know much of conditions in Denmark as to guards along the frontier, I took just as much care as I did in Germany, till I got further away from the frontier. I saw that there was no one in the sentry box and that everybody in the Customs House had apparently gone to bed. It was after 10 p.m. so I very cautiously proceeded along the road to the north, keeping the fate of Lot's wife in mind. At a little over a hundred yards from the boundary I came to a cross road. East and West and the road going North went no further. The boundary line being so crooked I was afraid to take the road to the right for fear of coming up to the German sentries again. I wanted to go to the East as I knew the great highways led that way. So instead of taking the road I went due north over a turnip field. At the foot of this field I came to a swamp. I fell into the ditch over my knees in water. I went straight ahead as I was as wet as I could get previous to this. I got into several ditches but all the same depth. It was a peat moor where the farmers cut peat for fuel. I went North-East and in about an hour I got through the swamp and on to a road. It was about midnight. The road ran in a direction to suit me, and I followed it. I soon came to a house and went to the door, but changed my mind. I was awfully tired but I must keep on and get to Copenhagen to the British Embassy with all possible speed. I took the narrow road going north. I had only gone a few minutes when I saw something whiteish. It was a very dark night and in a second—Bang—a bicycle hit me and a woman fell off with a scream. Was she hurt? No. She got up and laughed. She told me that she had been to a birthday party and knew every inch of the road, that

was the reason she had no light. I asked her, "How far to the Inn?" She said, "Just seven kilometers. Keep right ahead." I thanked her for the information and went on. After a while I sat down, took off my wet socks, put on dry ones and also put on my boots. I always carried a pair of socks in my shirt front to dry them, which I did with more or less success. It is an old hunter's or trapper's trick. I had some chocolates and biscuits to eat and a bottle of beer, also imported from Germany. I took a meat lozenger to chew, and off I went, pretty tired, but I had beaten the Huns. After a while I came to a village. I was held up by a sentry, who wanted to know where I came from. I got his accent at once; he came from the Island of Funen the same as myself; so I knew he would not know much about the local people. I told him that I came seven kilometers South-West—Peter Johansen's place and was after a veterinary surgeon as we had a horse that was awfully sick. He said it was too bad as the Regimental Veterinary had gone out of town and would not be back before the morning. I did not think it too bad but did not tell him that. He said that there were numbers of people coming across the frontier, and they had to watch closely; mostly Russians and deserters from the German Army. He told me that they just held them up for sanitary reasons. He also said that they had mounted patrols out. He was from the Second Danish Dragoon Regiment. I expected that from his accent as they used to be stationed in Odense on the Island of Funen, near where I was born. He then told me that I would find an Inn, round the corner. I might get the people up. I found that he knew some old people that I knew many years ago. I thanked him very much and off I went. I passed the Inn and ran right into the Cavalry stable, an old Sergeant Major who happened to be standing in the door, said, "Hello, where are you going this time of night?"

I told him that I came for a Veterinary surgeon as we had an awfully sick horse. He replied, "That stuff may go in a kindergarten school, but it won't work here. But say, old sport, you keep your eyes peeled for our mounted patrols. You are from the Island of Funen, I can tell by your accent. Good night; good luck to you," and he closed the door. I plodded on and went north and east on a road that ran in a direction to suit me; all the time looking for the mounted patrol. I was awfully tired and sleepy. After a while I laid down and had a sleep for half an hour; woke up cold and shivering as per usual, and off I went again, looking at all the finger posts on the road. I finally got one



Dotted line shows route from prison camp to London. Cross indicates the Island of Funen in Denmark where I was born.

saying, "Kolding." That was just what I was looking for. I then sat down and had some more biscuits and chocolates and got up and followed the highway into Kolding where I arrived at seven a.m. I was about ready to drop; I had gone from eight o'clock in the morning the day before almost continuously and it was now seven a.m. I was wet and my feet were swollen and sore. I got into a small hotel and asked for a room. After a while the proprietor came and told me that he would have a room ready for me by evening. I told him it was now or never. He looked at me and smiled and said, "All right, we will look after you right away; I guess you are one of them." I said, "One of what?" He said, "Never mind, we don't ask questions here, but you don't need to worry as we take care of even the Russians that come over, give them money and clothes, etc., and turn them over to the Russian Consulate." He could also hear by my accent where I was from in Denmark. I told him I was a tradesman and had lost my papers, and was trying to get back the best way I could. He was very friendly, got me something to eat, wanted to know if there was anything else he could do for me. I got him to change my German money into Danish currency, while I slept. Strange to say I got more for the German notes than I did for the silver. I was an awful looking brute, an officer and a gentleman—I hope so. But appearances were very much against me; a three months beard never trimmed, my clothes wet and dirty; just able to waddle along like an old goose. But I did not worry about anything; I had beaten the Huns which was very gratifying. So I slept the sleep of the just. The proprietor woke me up at one o'clock p.m. after five hours sleep. I felt a lot better but stiff and sore. I got a train about 2:30 p.m. for Fredericia, got the ferry across the Little Belt to Middlefort on the Island of Funen, and train from there to a little station called Langeskow (via Odense, the biggest

town on the Island.) I walked from the station about two miles to where some great friends of mine lived. It was very dark through the woods but I managed to find the way, got there about 8 o'clock p.m. They had heard a short time before this that I was a prisoner of war in Germany and were much surprised to see me. They told me that they had written a postcard and a letter to me but had not received any reply. I told them what I had done about their postcard and letter, saying, "I did bless you in a manner you would not appreciate when I got your letter." "A letter from Denmark was the last thing I wanted around there or anything else that would connect me with Denmark in any way. Or I could have written from the prison camp whenever I arrive there and have food and things sent," They said, "Why didn't you?" We would have only been too glad to send you anything." "Yes I replied "That is why I went to all this trouble to come over here to thank you for what you would have done. If you had done that it would have been much more difficult for me to pay you a visit at the present time, if not impossible. I expect," I added "that the Germans are now looking for me along the Swiss Border, and in the passes through the Alps." They nearly all knew me in spite of my beard, as I was with them two years before in August 1913. I got something to eat and had to tell them something of my experiences. The next morning, I borrowed a suit of civilian clothes, took an early train to Odense, where I borrowed some money from some friends of mine who kept a large book and stationery shop. It was the same people, whom the cavalry sentry knew, who held me up. I went and bought a suit of clothes, cap and underwear, in fact everything from top to toe, except my old Valcartier boots. I kept them, and wore them till I had been in England a few days. I then boarded the express for Copenhagen, where I went post haste and reported

to the British Embassy. I first went and registered in a hotel as "Peter Madsen, Bricklayer, Kappendrup, Fyen." I went to the British Embassy, as soon as possible, asked to see the Ambassador, and was told that I could not see him. I told them that I was a British Officer escaped from prison camp in Germany; then the Secretary came. I asked him if he had a secret code to London, telling him of course who I was. He said that they had, and I told him that I had certain important information to be cabled to the War Office at once. Rather sceptically he took down the information I gave him and then he said, "We do not know you." I told him not to worry on that score, as I was born in that country (and as good luck would have it had been in Copenhagen only two years before) that I would go and get identification papers from people in good standing. I went to two Professors, Doctor Specialists, who I had consulted (for indigestion) two years before, when in Copenhagen. I saw both of them, and when you see a Specialist in that country, they write every particular down about you in the smallest detail — name, address, where born, what business you are in, age, etc., so that being the case they had all particulars about me, and were very pleased to see me and gave me each, a letter of identification written on their respective business printed letter heads, given place of business, phone numbers, etc. I brought these back to the Embassy.

They were much pleased, I told them it would be as well to give some of my information to the French and Russian Embassies. The Secretary then told me to go to the British Consulate to arrange for my transportation to England, but for me to come and see him again before I left. I told him I wanted to stay for a week and see some of my friends and relatives and have a little rest. Now, when I had made my report, there was no hurry for a few days to get back to England. He agreed with me on that point so I went and saw the British

Consul. They were very pleased to see me in the Office, and told me that they would make arrangements for my passage back to England, via Norway and for me to come tomorrow as they wanted me to meet the British Naval Attache, which I did. They asked me if I needed any money to get back to England. I said "Yes." They said that they would give me some but they made so much fuss about it, that I told them not to mind, that I was born in that country, and could get all the money I wanted. So I did. That was a fine patriotic spirit I must say. On the following day I went back to Funen and saw my friends and relatives, borrowed the money to take me back to England, went back to Copenhagen and gave the British Consulate enough money to buy my ticket from Copenhagen to Newcastle-on-Tyne. Then I went around the city, down by the harbour and docks and took observations, which I reported to the War Offices later. Huge piles of Chicago Bacon in transit to Germany.

I again went back to Funen and stayed a few days with my friends. They were much pleased that I was able to get away from the Germans, and many said I was lucky to be able to fight the hated Germans; and that they wished that they could go with me. When I told them that there were a great many Danes fighting in the ranks of the English, French and Canadian Armies they were very much pleased. I wrote a letter from here to my wife in Canada, saying amongst other things, that I had just landed here in Denmark and intended staying here for three weeks. I left next day for England.

Chapter XXII

BACK IN ENGLAND

Now Denmark, Copenhagen in particular is overrun with Germans, I did not know who might be watching me or who might censor my mail, so I talked to everybody as though I was going to stay there for some time. When I came back to Copenhagen to the British Consulate, they had my ticket and passport all ready for me, and I left the next morning for England. I came by the East coast Railway from Copenhagen to Elsinore on the Sound crossed on the train ferry to Helsingborg in Sweden, came up the coast to Gothenburg and arrived in Christiania, now Oslo, in Norway late the same evening after nine o'clock. I had a little over two years before met a Norwegian Major in Paris. We became great friends and had been corresponding from time to time since. I heard from him a couple of times while at Salisbury Plain in the winter of 1914-15. I naturally wanted to see him, but did not want to wire ahead to him to meet me at the station at Oslo, as I did not want my name on record anywhere. So on arriving at the station at Oslo I saw an Officer of the Norwegian Army and asked him if he knew Major Ivor Lund. He said he did, adding he is my commanding officer. I told him that I had met Major Lund in Paris in 1913. He knew the time the Major was in Paris and offered very kindly to get him on the phone for me, which he did. Major Lund was delighted and surprised to know I was there; not having heard from me since Salisbury Plain in 1915; he came to the station at once. At about 10.30 the train left and Major Lund came with me on the train for three hours. I told him a few things about my experiences and he was very much interested, said that he envied me very much to be able to fight those hated Germans, and that the world would not get its proper balance until they were put under. He wished he could get

a chance at them himself. Well about 3 a.m. the gallant Major left me rather reluctantly. He was going to stay at a little town there and take the train back in the morning to Oslo. After travelling through the picturesque Norwegian mountains, I arrived at Bergen before noon. I at once went to the British Consulate as per instructions from the British Consul in Copenhagen. I had a private letter of introduction. They were very pleased to see me and interested in my adventures and treated me very kindly. They saw my papers were in order and sent me to the Steamship Company Office to get my papers finally looked over. I got to the steamship in good time. I was never asked for Passport or papers anywhere in Sweden, Norway or Denmark. . About 2 p.m. the steamer cast loose and headed for Stavanger, between the beautiful rocky islands and fiords. We did not get into the open sea until after leaving Stavanger. After about forty hours from Bergen, we reached the mouth of the Tyne, passage pretty rough, only a few of us attended at meals. We were held up by fog and tide for a few hours before we docked. Here we were subjected to a rigid examination by the Authorities. This was on board the ship before they would let anybody land. My name was finally called, I gave them my pass port. I had added another initial to my name, "K. P. Anderson, Manufacturer, London, 52 years of age (beyond Military age) so that I would probably not be taken off if we had been overhauled by a German submarine. The ship on the same run had been stopped the day before by a German submarine and the King's Messenger taken off, so I had been told. In the early stages of the war the German submarines often overhauled ships without sinking them. I had a mate to the photograph on my passport, in my pocket, on the back of which was written who and what I really was. This was done by the British Consul in Copenhagen, and the same handwriting

and signature was on the passport on the back of the photograph. When I showed them that I was not subject to any examination, but they wanted to know a great deal about what I had seen, my experiences generally. I told them very little, saying that my information was for the War Office. They treated me with every consideration and told me to beware of reporters. I told them my opinion of reporters in War Time, which was not flattering to them.

About 5 p.m. I got a train for London, and arrived at King's Cross Station at 11.30 p.m., Friday, October 22nd, 1915. At 11.50 p.m. October 22nd I arrived at my hotel, the Premier, Russell Square, where I used to stay when in London. No one knew me until I told them who I was. They were greatly delighted and wanted to know about my experiences. I said, "Yes and so does the War Office, no doubt."

On relating my experiences, many have asked me, "Were you not very much afraid on such and such an occasion?" I never at any time felt any fear or any relief either. Only determination to make good and my wits were constantly at work making provisions for all possible situations that might and might not arise at any moment. That being the case, I was too busy and interested at any time to feel fear or relief. Only when I got the solid ground of England under my feet once more did I feel relieved. I felt I was amongst friends and did not have to watch every word I said, or every step I took. I do not mind admitting that I was highly pleased with myself, having done something extremely difficult, that bordered on an impossibility. During the time I was making my escape it seemed all commonplace like a day's work. Narrow escapes several times a day, being an everyday occurrence, it was not worth thinking about. As far as getting out of Germany was concerned, I was an optimist, but nevertheless took every pre-

caution because if one gets over confident or loose your nerve or get excited, you lose control of your actions and your goose is cooked, as the saying goes. One can often arrange circumstances to suit, but many circumstances in connection with my escape were due to good luck and kind providence; the Lord is not likely to help anybody who does not try to help himself. The more difficulties I encountered, the more determination I developed. I remember saying to myself on several occasions, "I just have to get through, that is all there is to it." and I did. Now I have been asked by sceptics and others, "Why did not some of the others get out?" Not because they were afraid, which is proved by the fact that one or two escaped from some other prison camp later and they nearly all tried from time to time and got caught somewhere after being at large for several days. Now I claim that there is more credit coming to anyone who persistently tries after several failures knowing what punishment he will get, than to anyone like me who succeeded the first time. Punishment camps with dark cells for weeks is not nice to look forward to. Many spent most of their time in Punishment Camps for trying to escape. One Imperial Officer, Mr. Temple, made his escape on his twelfth attempt. Also the great distance, nearly six hundred miles to any neutral country, they all agreed it was impossible as one would have to walk all the way at night and could not follow a road or cross a bridge. But I had certain experiences in Canada, having been a big game hunter since I was a boy and had trained in all kinds of out door sports and felt quite confident that I could get through in spite of all the difficulties. As to the distance, this was only a matter of time. As to the sentries, moose and deer hunting is much harder than that as the sentry cannot smell and hear like a moose or other wild animals. Some said it was easier for me to get out as I spoke perfect German. Now I could

speaking about ten words of German when I was taken prisoner. I taught myself the rest that I know in the five months that I was in the prison camp. It had nothing to do with escaping only it permitted me to travel by train and get information. There were some officers who did not want to escape at that time, because they thought the war would be over in a few months, according to the German version and propaganda, so liberally supplied to us.



As I Arrived in England

I at once got busy to my further usefulness to our great cause for which I had risked and suffered so much. I did not want to come back and sit down and look on. Some of my friends told me I had done enough now, to sit down and take it easy. Well, I looked at it in this way—this was a great war—every man is needed—nobody's duty in regard to the war is done till he is dead, wounded or invalided home, or the war is over. Doing our best is not good enough, one must do one's absolute utmost, and every man should be employed according to his personal ability. Of all the millions of all ranks we have employed in this war, there is always a best place for each individual. This holds good much more than what appears on the surface, in as much that ordinarily a man can do more and better work at something he is accustomed to and adapted to and go at it with a will and be satisfied. On the other hand when anyone is employed at something for which he is entirely unfit, he gets disgusted and does not do any more than he can possibly help, and what he does is generally worthless and he is always dissatisfied. Thousands of men have been rendered useless, by being employed at something for which they were entirely unfit. In business, when one does not employ or work them to advantage, he goes bankrupt—he is a fool. In war when men are employed to disadvantage they are killed in heaps. Those who are responsible are criminals. The Germans take advantage of all individual ability they have in their country and employ them accordingly. Our man power is the greatest asset we have got. It is up to us to save them by all means in our power. The country that has the most effectives is not only going to be the victor in this or any other war; but is also going to be the victors in the Commercial struggle that is bound to follow and to the victor belongs the spoils.

Next morning, October 23rd, 1915, I proceeded

to the War Office as per instructions of the British Embassy in Copenhagen. I was also told at Newcastle to report to the Home Office. I had heard while in Denmark, that General Sir Sam Hughes was in England, and intended to report to him first and go to the War Office later. But on arriving I found that he had left for Canada. That being the case and having received very definite instructions from the British Embassy in Copenhagen to report direct to the War Office, I did not take time looking up any other Canadian authorities, but went at once and reported to the Special Intelligence Department at the War Office. They were very interested and treated me with great consideration. I told them everything I had heard and seen. It was taken down in writing. I was there part of two days—23rd and 24th October respectively. They told me I need not go to the home office as they (The War Office) would give them a copy of the report. They also said I would make a good man for the Intelligence Department and wanted to know if I thought the Canadian authorities would let them have me. I said I had no doubt but that they would. As for myself, I was ready to do anything in that connection. They said that the chances were that they would want me. So I replied "I should hold myself at their disposal at any time." I further said, "Of course you understand I have nothing for the Press." They replied, "We were just going to warn you about that." They also said (at my suggestion) that it would be better for me to keep my beard on for the present, in case I was wanted for secret service as it was easy to take off at any time, but it took some time to grow. They phoned the Canadian Pay and Record Office that I was there, and said that they would send me over. They told me not to make a report to the Canadian Authorities or any one else. The officer I did most of my business with in the Special Intelligence Office was Major Goldman-Territorials. I

could not help but notice that I was not persona grata at the War Office, my foreign accent, my rough and ready manner and my appearance (wiskers not trimmed) and my (to their narrow minds) impossible story. They wanted to know if I would go back to Germany again, to obtain further information. I told them "No", that I could not talk good enough German and would not advise it; but if they said so I would go and do my best—and it was left at that. One day in general conversation with Major Goldman, I told him that Captain Streight, Lieut. Bellow and myself had talked together in the prison camp about the big bridge at Cologne. If we could only get out of there and get enough explosives to go and blow it up, it would be good business. I did not think any more of this, but in a couple of days when I was again at the War Office, Major Goldman said to me that Captain (forget name) wanted to see me. He came into the office shortly after and wanted me to follow him. We took a taxi to his office, half a mile away from the War Office. When we arrived there he said to me, "Major Goldman tells me that you want to go and blow up the bridge over the Rhine at Cologne." "Yes," I said, "I would like to very much, but had made no such statement, only in conversation with the Major had I mentioned what we were talking about at the prison camp." What can one do with people like that.

On Monday October 25th., I went to the Canadian Pay Office and reported, also to the Record Office, and I was well received by all the officers, there were a good many that I knew. A question came up as to my expense en route from Germany as you will remember I had paid my own way. I had never thought of this before, being very glad to get out of Germany at any cost. I was asked to figure out my expenses. I did so at £39.0.0. I at once received a cheque for this amount made in this way—Major P. Anderson, travelling expenses

in Germany and elsewhere on Government business. A very unique cheque considering that we were at war with Germany.

I then went and reported to Major General Carson at the Hotel Cecil. He received me very kindly. I told him some of my experiences and also what the War Office had said. He said, "By all means hold yourself at the disposal of the War Office. If you get tired waiting or they say they do not want you, go and report to General MacDonald at Shorncliffe." He also said that I wanted a rest anyhow and for me to come and see him any time, except Saturdays and Sundays when he might be at Shorncliffe, visiting General MacDougal and Steele.

Next day I went down to Shorncliffe and reported there as having arrived back from Germany. I was still in mufti with my German raincoat on. The first man I met was J. F. Suttle, 9th Battalion, Batman to Captain Harstone, he showed me where the Officers Mess was located. I created quite a sensation among my old friends of the 9th Battalion, under the command of Colonel Moore of Hamilton, accidentally killed later (101st Regiment Edmonton Fusiliers). They were surprised to see me and yet not, as it appeared that when they heard I was taken prisoner, they began to bet between themselves that the Germans would not keep me six months, and that I would either get away or get shot in the attempt. The old Ninth was now a Reserve Battalion, and at this time pretty well filled up with drafts from Canada and casualties from the Front.

Chapter XXIII

**AM RECEIVED BY HIS MAJESTY THE KING
AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE**

I might say here that I was received by His Majesty, The King, who treated me with the greatest kindness and consideration and was very interested in my experiences. I was presented to His Majesty The King by the Lord Chamberlain, who bowed himself out. Then King then took me into the centre of a large room and made me sit down by a table. He sat down himself in front of me with the corner of the table partly between us, saying, "I have heard about your most wonderful experience. Sit down and make yourself at home. I want to hear something about it." I told him various things about my experiences. He was very interested saying several times, "Most remarkable." He also said that he had heard many interesting experiences related by men who received the V.C. but he remarked that nearly all received this coveted decoration for something they did on the spur of the moment; a few minutes, a few hours at the most. But he said "You took your life in your for days and weeks," adding, "I am proud of you." It was splendid. The King also told me some of his experiences at the Front; how he had had an accident with his horse. I did not tell him my experience with my horse, Napoleon Bonaparte, at Valcartier. Then his Majesty made some very complimentary remarks about the Canadians; as to saving the situation at Ypres and also in a general way. I assured the King that he could depend on the Canadians til the last shot was fired in the War. He wanted to know how many men Canada could raise. I told him that in my opinion, Canada could put an army of 500,000 men in the field. It was a very strange coincidence as within a few days, Sir Robert Borden offered 500,000 to the Empire for service Over Seas. His Majesty the King



Heavily Armed with Stick and Gloves

then asked me in a very diplomatic manner if the Canadian soldier was not rather difficult as to discipline. I told him, what I have related before about their magnificent fire discipline at Ypres, in the heat of action. His Majesty was greatly elated "Is that really so," he said, "it was splendid, I am so glad. Do you know," he went on, "that I have been led to believe that while the Canadians are some of the best fighters I have got, they are very lax in discipline and hard to handle. "It all depends on who handles them," Your Majesty," I replied. Several times before this I had made ready to go but the King motioned me to stay, as he wanted some more of my most interesting story and was gracious enough to say that this was the most interesting narrative he had heard yet since the beginning of the War. In the first place I thought that the King would keep me only about five minutes, a matter of formality, but the interview lasted nearly an hour. We were alone in his large room all the time. He also asked me what I was going to do now. I replied that I expected to go back to France again in the near future. To which he remarked, "You must be careful that they do not get you again." I said that that did not worry me any. I thanked His Majesty for his great kindness and consideration in taking such an interest in my experiences, telling him that I had done nothing beyond my duty. He wished me every success and I bowed myself out after having spent the most interesting hour of my life. God Save The King.

I was also two days later presented to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, at Marlborough House. Her Majesty also treated me with every consideration. Her Majesty received me standing in a large room. She spoke to me only in Danish, which was very difficult for me, not having lived in Denmark since 1888. She had heard of some of my

experiences from her son, she said, and was gracious enough to say that she was proud that a countryman of hers had accomplished such a great achievement. I told her that I had only done my duty to my King and Country. I also told her that many Danes were fighting with the Canadians, Imperial, and French Armies. She made some remark about it being due to the old Viking blood in our veins. She also made some very uncomplimentary remarks about the Kaiser. What an awful man? What an inhuman brute? she said and looked that she meant it. She now made me sit down at her writing table and write my name in her autograph book. She then wanted an autograph photo. As I happened to have some with me I gave her several; some were taken with the same clothes in which I escaped from Germany. I had a full beard at this time. She asked me if I had seen Count Castenshold, the Danish Ambassador. When I replied in the negative, she said, "You must go and call on him." Her Majesty wished me every future success. I thanked her very much for her kindness and good wishes and bowed myself out. Her Majesty looked wonderfully well in spite of her seventy-one years.

I received a great many letters and telegrams of congratulation on my escape, from all over Canada, the United Kingdom and many from the United States.

Chapter XXIV

IN CONCLUSION

After I returned from Germany I was in London for several weeks, during which no one seemed to know what to do with me. I found to my disgust that I could not go back to the Western Front according to the rules and regulations laid down.

I spent a good deal of time walking back and forwards from the War Office and also in interviewing several authorities, but could get nowhere. According to the definite instructions from the British Embassy in Copenhagen, I reported directly to the War Office and not to the Canadian authorities as I otherwise would have done.

After having been presented to His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace and to Her late Majesty Queen Alexandra, I was invited to dinners and parties by the nobility and others, which I appreciated in a way. This was not what I had left a big business in Canada for, but rather to do something useful under the circumstances for the Empire and get back to my business as soon as possible.

Walking around London heavily armed with stick and gloves, with a Major's rank badges in evidence, it did not appeal to me at all to have the real fighting men on leave from the front saluting me. However, I took good care to salute (not by numbers) any officer senior to me.

I wore a burberry overcoat; my shoulder-straps were double: fastened by loop and button. I often took them off and put them in my pocket, so that no one would know my rank, which saved me from everlastingly returning salutes, as the streets were usually crowded by other ranks.

I often was stopped by the very young gentlemen, who had just come out of an Officers' School (by the skin of their teeth, perhaps) and not yet smelled anything else but cigarette smoke; who were strutting around the streets to test out their one pip in collecting salutes from the long suffering rank and file. In such cases I apologised profusely according to the rules and regulations.

In the meantime the Green Monster of jealousy, aided by circumstances, had got busy with that fool spy story, which anyone who knew anything about me did not believe. But there is no doubt that it was used as a means to keep me down, for it would be too bad if a Canadian and a foreigner at that should be able to make any headway in the Army.

After a great deal of red tape, I was attached to the Staff of the Canadian Training Division at Shorncliffe and got a Sniping and Scouting School under way and trained about seven hundred men, numbering from twenty-five to fifty in

each class. These men were nearly all marksmen, very intelligent and many had been at the front.

They took a great interest in this special training, as they were all volunteers from their individual units. It is my opinion that at the conclusion of the three weeks course, they could have sat down and written an officer's examination and come out with honours.

This school was a great success and was very favourably commented on by the Canadian authorities and by the visiting Imperial officers.

One of the principle reasons that the school was a great success was this: I always took the stand that any man who thinks or says that he knows everything has outlived a great deal, if not all, of his usefulness. In my opening address to a new class I always told the men that it was quite possible that I knew a great deal more about sniping and scouting than any several men in the class, but that it was also more than possible that the whole class collectively knew more than I did. In this respect I told them that I wanted each one who thought that he had any good ideas to suggest them at any and all times: not to be afraid to interrupt me when I was lecturing, as then any idea not found practical could be disposed of at once, while any good ones could be included in our syllabus.

This system worked out well, except that I often got credit for some one else's good ideas.

I wrote a book about Sniping and Scouting under the nom-de-plume of "Periscope." This was published by Gale and Polden, Ltd., military publishers of London, England, and by Harvey Incorporated of New York City, U.S.A. This latter for the benefit of the Americans then in training, of which the American Marines alone took 1,500 copies. As it was not written for financial, but patriotic reasons, I did not expect, nor did I receive, any revenue for this.

It was regrettable that early in 1917 these schools were discontinued, as the Powers-That-Be decided that the War would soon be over. I found later that most of the highly trained men that had passed through this course were employed in the ordinary routine or as orderly-room clerks runners and even batmen, it was to say the least highly discouraging.

I was now given a post conducting troops to France. It was a very strange job for a supposed-to-be dangerous spy. This itself proved that the authorities took no notice of the idiotic story that jealousy and circumstances had created.

This job lasted about sixteen months, during which time I never lost a man or a prisoner, during which I conducted many thousands of Canadian soldiers to France. From this it can be easily noticed that it was "I THATE ME" and not the Americans that won the war.

In the month of September of 1918, at the request of Colonel J. E. Leckie, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Vancouver, I went with him on an expedition to the Murman Coast in Northern or Arctic Russia. In the Spring and during part of the summer of 1919 over a period of about four months I was in command of the advance operations of the Allied troops.

On the 11th of April, 1919, we captured the Bolshevic Headquarters on the Murmansk front at the fortified town of Oroszero. We were greatly outnumbered by the enemy, who suffered heavy casualties. We captured a good deal of war and other material, and in so doing lost only one man killed and two wounded. It was very much in the nature of a surprise attack or strategical operation.

Captains Hunter and Wood, and Sergts. Dean and McNaughton of Edmonton, were with me in Russia. In the four months while in command of advance operations I never had a reverse attack or defense, was promoted and received a number of decorations, for which I mostly have to thank the splendid men under my command, which includes both officers and other ranks.

We returned to England in September, 1919. Colonel Leckie and myself spent two months in London trying to persuade the Powers-That-Be of the necessity of carrying on in Russia in order to save the immense investments the British Government and private individuals had there. We were also anxious to help to establish a good government there by the voice of the people. Colonel Leckie and myself predicted everything that later happened in Russia, including the downfall of the White Armies and the chaotic conditions that now prevail.

The Russian people are not Bolshevicks, but the victims of the Bolshevicki, and deserved a better fate than to be deserted by us and to be starved and murdered wholesale by a few greedy Jews and their ignorant Russian henchmen.

Early in November, Colonel Leckie and myself left London and landed in Montreal. In due time after stopping over at several places enroute to see old war pals and others, I arrived at Edmonton on December 13th, 1919, after numerous adventures in many lands.

Two Colonels, Carstairs and Saunders, came down to Calgary to meet me and escort me home to Edmonton, where we arrived at 10 p.m., with the temperature at 20 below zero. In spite of the cold weather and the late hour, there were three bands, thousands of people, including the Mayor and many leading citizens, to meet me at the C.P.R. station. From this station I had left on August 22nd, 1914, in command of 940 officers and other ranks, which very forcibly came to my mind, as many of those splendid men never came back.

I received illuminated addresses from the City of Ed-

monton and the Red Chrevon Club, in the latter of which I was made a life member. The City of Edmonton also tendered me a big banquet at the Macdonald Hotel. The Daughters of the Empire presented me with a gold watch suitably engraved. All of which I appreciated very much and for which I, then and now, thank one and all concerned.

It may be said that some of my criticism is rather harsh. But in comparison with actual facts it is very mild and easily verified. It is a pity that Social, Political and Financial influence, are so often the qualifications by which the value of ones opinions and judgement is measured. In preference to practical knowledge and experience.

Even such great men as Lord Fisher and Lord Roberts were ignored.

prosperty
littled Before passing any judgement on my criticism put yourself in my position and picture yourself what you would feel like, being the innocent victim of a fool spy story, loosing all ~~your prosperity~~ and your health and in addition to be ~~believe~~ and rediculed by many and no redress or compensation.

It is to no ones credit but my own that "I THAT'S ME" is still a loyal and patriotic Canadian citizen in spite of it all.

I feel that I cannot close this book without expressing my highest regard for the Canadian soldiers. While there is no choice between the Imperial, Canadian and other colonial soldiers as to moral courage, when it comes to initiative and resourcefulness the Canadians leads them all. Being pioneers or sons of pioneers in a new country where everyone must learn to shift for himself. Self-reliance is the natural consequence, hence their superiority in this respect.

Regarding discipline the Canadian volunteer soldier from the wide open spaces volunteered to fight the enemies of the Empire and to qualify for this purpose in the shortest and most effective manner. And not for saluting by numbers and forming fours for hours and hours, after he had already learned to do so. Being men of education and intelligence, they often resented being continuously taught something that they had already learned at the beginning of their training. And if being bullied by a brutal drill instructor generally made discipline operate in the wrong direction and made them surly and vindictive. And soon found ways and means to put something over their tormentor. They were not to blame, but the antiquated system of dealing with men of their intelligence.

On the other hand, they never got tired of practicing attack and defence protection and cover reconaissance, sham-battles or any new and useful training that modern warfare might develop.

I was proud to be in command of that kind of men, as

I knew and felt that they never would let me down, come what may.

This being the case, I always felt that it was up to us who were senior officers to look after the safety and comfort of all ranks under our command, and thus render the better service to the Empire and our own superiors.

In peace time our bank account business and property is our asset; in wartime the fighting men are our main asset, and I—THAT'S ME—never lost any opportunities looking after our main asset to the extent of my authority.

(THE END)

Published by
BRADBURN PRINTERS LIMITED
Printers and Publishers
Edmonton, Alberta.

